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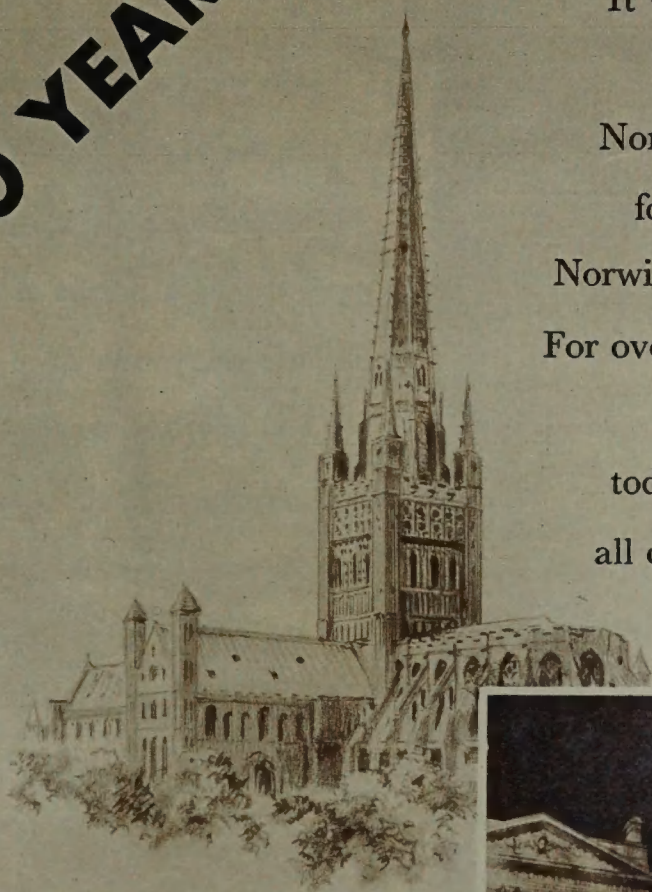




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"Why not use my blasted rock?" SAID EUGENE MERCIER IN THE 'FIFTIES

and toasted the Ingenieurs in the champagne that was already becoming famous. "I am blasting cellars out of the chalk here at Epernay such as have never been seen before. You are constructing this railway thing from Epernay to Rheims—*morbleu*, but we can be most useful to each other!"

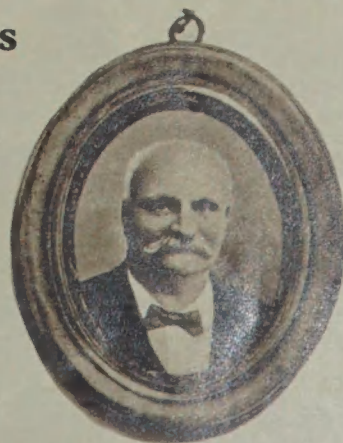
The new and revolutionary methods of producing high quality champagne that Monsieur Mercier had evolved

were rewarding him with millions more bottles of champagne than he could otherwise have dared to hope for.

But while Champagne Mercier's fame spread throughout the land, and every passing day swelled the demand, quick delivery became difficult. So to the Ingenieurs Eugene Mercier continued: "You will need rocks for your ballast and for your embankments. I'll promise to give you the rocks dug from

my cellars if you, in return, will let me run a branch line right into l'Etablissement Mercier." The Ingenieurs were enchanted. "Monsieur, your idea is inspired. Let us drink to it!" Thus the shrewdness of one man benefited at once his beloved France, generations of Champagne Mercier lovers yet unborn, and—be it admitted—himself.

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A HIGHLIGHT IN THE 100 YEAR HISTORY OF CHAMPAGNE MERCIER



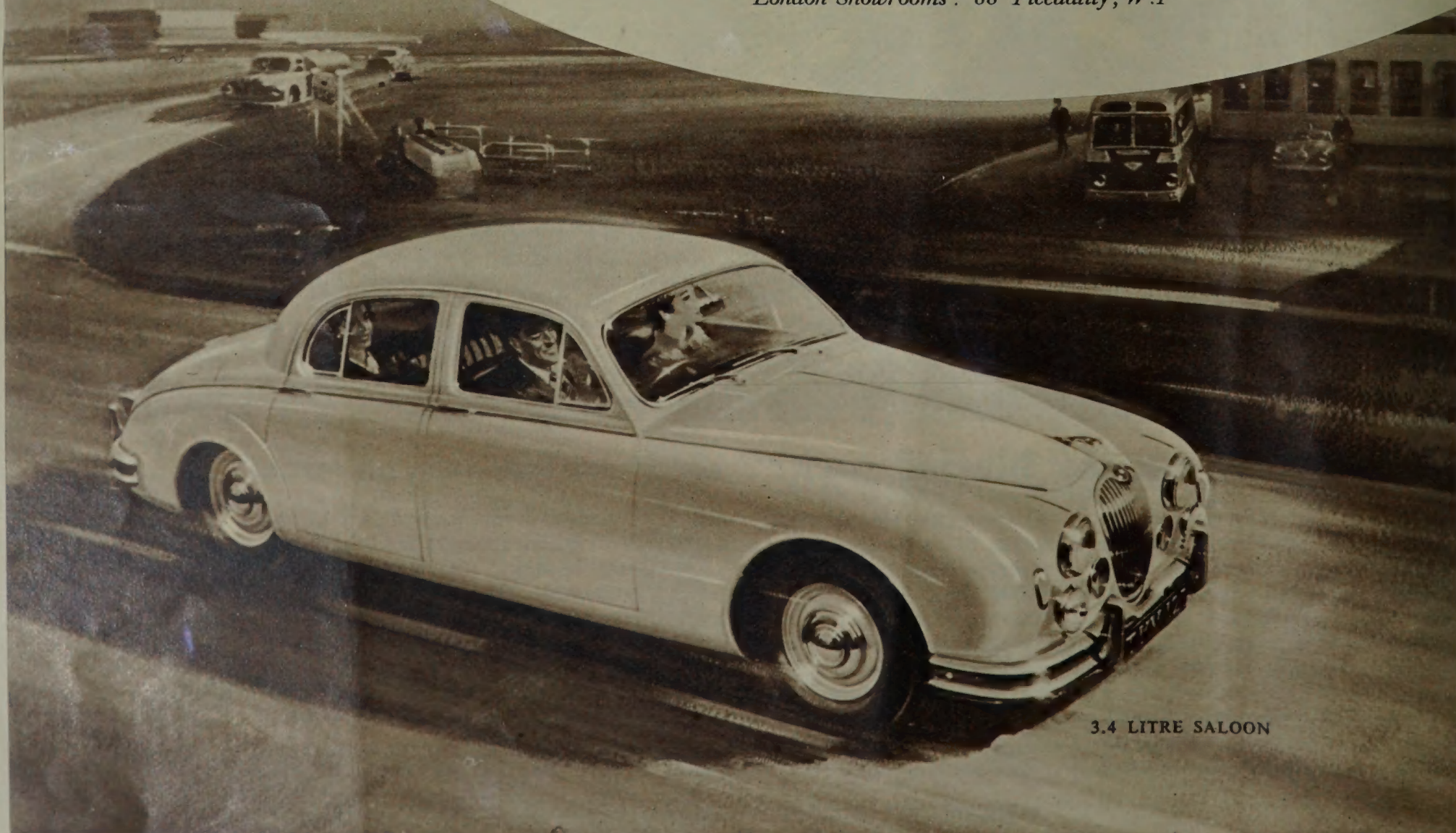


MARK VIII SALOON

On choosing a JAGUAR

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3.4 LITRE SALOON



Boiled Lobster

There is nothing esoteric about plain boiled lobster, but it makes a better picture than the more complicated lobster dishes, some of which are briefly described below.

A Guinness Guide to Lobster on the Menu

THE JUSTIFICATION of the language of the menu is that if it did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. Self-explanatory names in English would be long and cumbersome. Some of the expressions you may encounter when lobster is on the menu are explained here.

SOME FAMOUS LOBSTER DISHES

LOBSTER CARDINAL. For this the meat is removed from the shell and cooked in lobster sauce and brandy. Then it is put back into the shell and browned under the grill. **LOBSTER AMERICAINE.** The flesh is taken from the shell and flared in brandy. Then lobster stock, with

a little garlic and brandy, is added, and the cooking completed. Served with rice. **LOBSTER NEWBURG.** Also served with rice, but cooked in lobster stock, brandy and cream. **LOBSTER NORMANDE.** The flesh is taken from the shell very carefully so as not to break it. It is steamed, and served with a white wine sauce, cream, butter and lemon, and garnished with fried shrimps and mushrooms.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR. The flesh is removed from the shell, and flared in brandy, then cooked in white wine sauce, with herbs and shallots. Back in the shell, it is sprinkled with grated cheese and gratinée under the grill.

LOBSTER AND GUINNESS. Guinness has a special affinity for shell fish of every kind: oysters and Guinness, for example, have been table companions for generations. With the kingly lobster its clean appetising taste goes particularly well; and lobster, in any of the forms here described, is happy to share a table with a cool dark Guinness.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1958.



A HISTORIC LONDON OCCASION—THE CENTENARY GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE ROYAL BOX AT COVENT GARDEN ON JUNE 10.

The centenary of the opening of the Royal Opera House at Covent Garden—it is the third theatre on the site—was celebrated on June 10 by a memorable Gala Performance, at which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were present. A distinguished and brilliantly-dressed audience of over 2000 assembled in the beautifully-decorated Opera House to await her Majesty's arrival, which was announced by a fanfare. The National Anthem was sung by the Royal Opera House's prima donna, Sylvia Fisher, and the chorus. Then the orchestra under Mr. Rafael Kubelik played Weber's "Oberon"

overture, which was followed by a scene from Balfe's "The Bohemian Girl," sung by Miss Joan Sutherland and Mr. John Lanigan. Mme. Maria Callas, the famous American-born prima donna of Greek parentage, sang the aria "Qui la Voce" in a scene from Bellini's "I Puritani." There were also excerpts from Berlioz's "The Trojans," from Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes," and from Verdi's "Aida." The Royal Ballet made its contribution with a performance of "Birthday Offering." At the end of the evening the principal performers were among those presented to her Majesty.

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 5½d. (These rates apply as The Illustrated London News is registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper.)



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

EVERY few weeks I escape to the country and spend a day or two in a valley of beeches made dear to me by the memories of early life. The Nadder rises in the ancient monastic park below my windows and the beechwoods rise in a solid wall of green above it, the horseshoe they form encompassing the house and farmlands and opening eastwards, where the little stream flows towards its junction with the Avon, on a sweeping view of distant woods and downland. I know of nowhere in southern England more peaceful or more apparently remote from the busy world around it. A mile or two to the south the main London-Exeter road bears its unceasing load of traffic, and at night, standing on the terrace above the sleeping woods and lakes, I can hear the far rumble of great lorries speeding westwards or towards the capital, while from the other side of the protecting trees and hill to the north comes the sound of a train on the main Southern Region line making its way under the Pole Star and pointing Bear towards the wide Vale of Marchwood and the Somerset meadows. But in the hidden Wincombe Woods one can walk for an hour and never see or hear another human being; one is alone with birds, foxes and badgers and the innumerable company of small, creeping things whose universe is confined to these lonely slopes and dells. And here, whenever my work is finished and I can escape from agricultural chores and questionings, I slip away with a sickle in one hand and a swing-cutter in the other and become for a few hours a solitary amateur forester. My place is on the lowest and humblest rung of the forestry ladder, but it is an entirely satisfying one and I would not change it for any other in the world. In a minute I am out of view of the house and far out of sound of telephone or queuing voice. The great trees surround and close round me like the walls of the tunnel down which Alice fell into Wonderland and I am back where I walked and dreamed as a boy fifty years ago. But now I dream no more of imaginary personal triumphs or schemes of human improvement; I know that the material world offers nothing better than the absorbing task before me. And presently I come to the clearing in the woods which is my secret destination, throw my tools across it and then climb the wire fence which shuts it in. Below me and the path I have been following lies a steep southern slope thick with bracken, laurels and brambles and, rising among them, thousands of larches and little beeches whose weeding I have reserved for myself and whose future is my particular charge. The lives of the other trees I plant each winter are only mine to order and care for by proxy and by process of accountancy, but these few thousand plants on this remote slope are as much mine as though I were mother. Whether they live or not and whether some of them will one day become giants of the forest like the great trees around them depends on unpredictable factors, both human and divine, far beyond my control, but for the moment their future is in my hands. A false slip of the hand, a glancing blow with sickle or slinger, the failure to remove some encroaching bush or bramble, may mean death to some arboreal infant which might otherwise outlive me by a couple of centuries and give shade, solace and timber to generations unborn. And summer and winter the

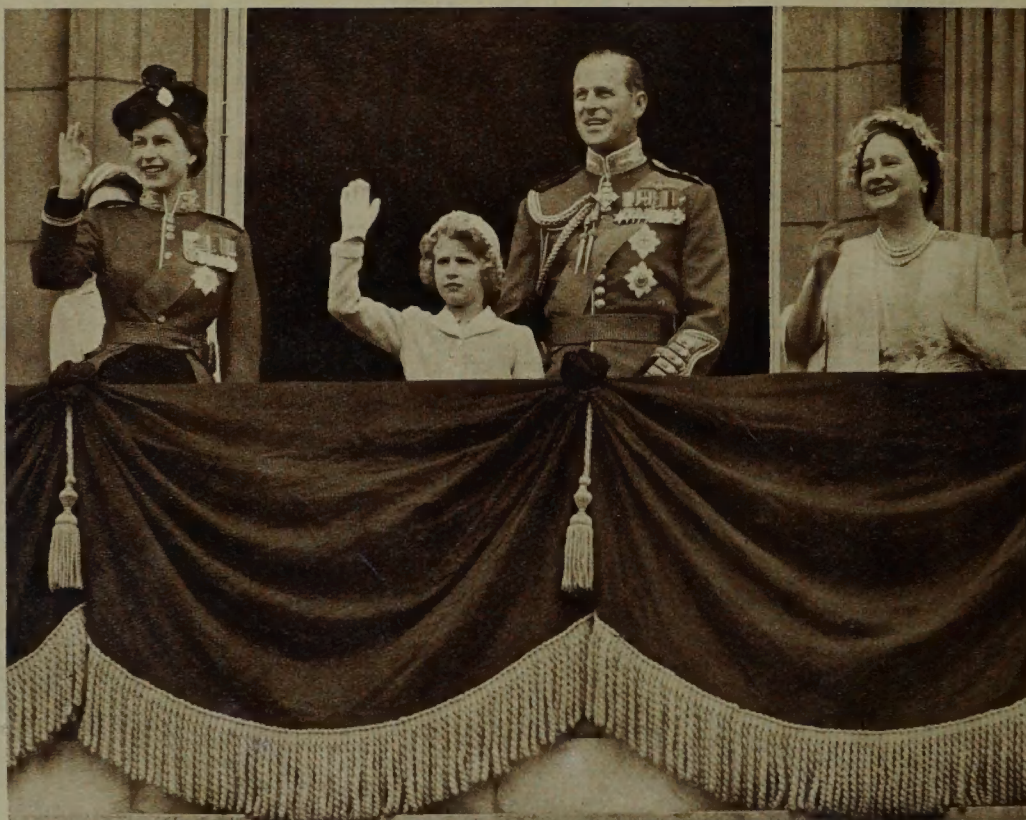
magic never fails; I return to the same place and, there, lose myself in the life of the woods of which I am for this little while a minister and servant. In winter I attack the laurels and furze which are indigenous to the few acres I have taken under my protection and which, without this ruthless winter's campaigning, would quickly overrun the whole of this fertile area; in summer, apart from brambles, my war is mainly against the bracken which, though by now out-topped by the larches, still towers, in July and the autumn, over the tiny young beeches. But whereas in December and the first leafless months of the year one need think only of attack, in summer one has to proceed with great circumspection and guard carefully against damaging the delicate-growing trees hidden in the undergrowth. One has, too, to remember that bramble and bracken, though one's enemy if allowed to get out of hand, can be an ally, if wisely

in the first few years after planting, deer, if at all prevalent, can easily account for one out of every two or three trees.

Deer, squirrels and rabbits are not the only enemies of trees. High among them are to be numbered men, who all too frequently treat them, not as the allies they are, but as useless and expendable encumbrances of nature. The destruction of wayside and hedgerow timber in England during the past decade by farmers and the officers of local authorities has been terrifying; the whole character of our countryside, one so superlatively beautiful in its summer foliage and wintry tracery, is being fast changed, and for the worse. Only in the outer suburban areas around London, where vast numbers of poplars, horse-chestnuts and flowering fruit trees have been planted in the last thirty or forty years, and in the great forests of the Forestry Commission, has the old thickly-wooded appearance of our countryside been fully preserved. In London itself the massacre and mutilation of fine trees never ceases—often in the name of an illusory safety which is almost completely disregarded where the needs of fast-moving traffic conflict with the security of human life and limb. The Government itself is now contemplating destroying 200 forest trees in Hyde Park, including many of the finest planes in any capital city in the world, in the hope of speeding up the ill-regulated motor traffic that has so long been permitted to flout the law in the heart of our metropolis. How little good is likely to be served by this sacrifice of beauty and amenity can be realised by anyone who stands and watches the interminable traffic blocks at the Place de la Concorde, where a width and variety of choice of roadway far exceeding anything attainable at Hyde Park Corner or Marble Arch seem quite incapable of preventing the stoppages that repeatedly occur as fast-moving traffic pours in on that magnetic point. And the trees that are to make way for these supposed improvements cannot be replaced in less than a century, by which time the form of locomotion whose needs dictate their removal will

almost certainly have been superseded by some less wasteful and costly form of traffic. But happily for me, poor threatened Hyde Park, though I love it dearly, is a long way from the quiet woodlands where I spend so many fugitive hours weeding and tending little trees. It is as likely as not an idle dream that they will ever come to maturity in so destructive and suicidal an age as ours, but in the meantime they are there to be guarded through their first perilous years, and it is release and happiness enough to be allowed to tend them. "I like very much," wrote Disraeli a century ago of his Hughenden plantations, "the society of woodmen; I don't know any men who are so completely masters of their business, and of the secluded, but delicious, world in which they live. They are healthy, their language is picturesque; they live in the air, and Nature whispers to them many of her secrets." It does so, I like to think, even to those who are only amateur woodsmen and mere ignorant tyros like myself. And often when, as night falls, I return through the darkening beechwoods with blistered and bramble-pricked fingers and a heart at peace, I recall his words. "A forest is like the Ocean, monotonous only to the ignorant. It is a life of ceaseless variety."

AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE ROYAL FAMILY ON THE BALCONY.



AFTER THE TROOPING THE COLOUR CEREMONY: HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS ANNE, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWD FROM THE BALCONY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. PRINCESS MARGARET IS BEHIND THE QUEEN. After the Trooping the Colour ceremony on June 12, the Queen's official birthday this year, large crowds gathered outside Buckingham Palace, despite the heavy rain, to cheer the Queen and members of the Royal family who appeared on the balcony. The only absent member was the Duke of Cornwall, who is at school. The fly-past by sixteen Javelin jet fighters, which the Queen was to have watched on her return to Buckingham Palace after her birthday parade, had to be cancelled because of the bad flying weather.

used, against other foes of little trees—against scorch and sun and those shy, lovely marauders, the roe and fallow deer, who haunt my glades. Rabbits one can fence out of plantations and, though burrowing badgers are constantly digging under the defences, the prevalence of myxomatosis has for the past year or two kept these particular enemies at bay. But against deer, who can jump all but the highest and most costly fence, there is no protection except extermination, and that, in these wide woodlands, where they can travel for miles unseen through bracken glades and thick undergrowth, is virtually impossible. And the damage that deer can do to little trees, particularly to slender, willowy young larches and poplars, has to be seen to be believed. For one who regards trees as almost the first of man's friends in the plant world—the protector and harbinger of all the others—the sight of hundreds of ringed and ragged infant tree trunks is one of the saddest sights in nature. Once the bark is completely ringed round death for the tree is certain, and all one's labour, and Nature's, is in vain. From personal observation I am convinced that it is wise at one stage of their growth to leave round young larches a thick protecting ring of bramble. Where this is lacking



DURING HER VISIT TO BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL, IN HERTFORDSHIRE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER SMILINGLY POSES FOR TWO VERY LUCKY YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

ROYAL OCCASIONS: SCENES IN LONDON, RICHMOND AND AT BERKHAMSTED.



DURING HER TOUR OF BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: THE QUEEN MOTHER ADMIRES AN APRON MADE BY TEN-YEAR-OLD ANN FIRTH. On June 13 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Berkhamsted School, where she opened a building containing up-to-date laboratories and classrooms. The Queen Mother had luncheon in School House as the guest of the headmaster, Mr. B. H. Garnons Williams. Later she visited Berkhamsted School for Girls.



THE QUEEN MEETS A FRIEND AT RICHMOND: HER MAJESTY PATTING THE POLICE HORSE IMP.

The sun was shining on Friday, June 13, when the Queen visited the Richmond Royal Horse Show. Her Majesty had a special word for *Imp*, the horse she rode at the Trooping the Colour ceremony on the previous day. *Imp*, ridden by Police Constable Varley, was competing in the Alfred Aldin Challenge Cup for the Metropolitan Mounted Police. The Queen presented the awards for the junior jumping competition for ponies not exceeding 13.2 hands. Thirteen-year-old Bobbie Jones was first on Mr. J. James's *Cherry VI*.



AT RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: THE QUEEN PRESENTING THE FREMLIN CHALLENGE CUP TO BOBBIE JONES ON *CHERRY VI*.



AT BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER STANDING BENEATH THE COMMEMORATIVE PLAQUE WHICH WAS UNVEILED AFTER OPENING A NEW BUILDING.



ON THE STAGE OF THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN, AFTER THE CENTENARY GALA ON JUNE 10: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TALKING TO DAME MARGOT FONTEYN.

After the centenary performance of opera and ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on June 10, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh went backstage with members of their party. Among those presented to the Queen were prima donnas and prima ballerinas and some members of the Covent Garden office and stage staffs.



AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: SIR VIVIAN FUCHS WELCOMING THE QUEEN, WHO HEARD HIM LECTURE ON HIS TRANS-ANTARCTIC CROSSING.

On June 11 the Queen was present at the Royal Festival Hall, with the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, when Sir Vivian Fuchs, leader of the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition, assisted by Mr. David Stratton, second-in-command of the expedition, gave the first public lecture on the crossing of the southern ice cap. The lecture was illustrated by colour slides.



AFTER SEEING THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LEAVING EARLS COURT PASS A HULA-HULA GIRL AND OTHERS. On June 11 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, with Princess Anne, went to see the Royal Tournament at Earls Court. The Duke inspected and took the salute of the combined Guard of Honour of the Royal Navy, the Grenadier Guards, and the R.A.F. As the Royal party left they passed some of the performers, including Wrens who were dressed as Hula-Hula girls for the "Rotor Rescue" event.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



THE FIRST OF THE U.N. OBSERVERS TO ARRIVE IN THE LEBANON: TWO SWEDES AND TWO ITALIANS WITH LIEUT.-COLONEL MAURICE BROWN, OF NEW ZEALAND (RIGHT, CENTRE). The first of the United Nations observers for the Lebanese frontier arrived in Beirut on June 12. The five officers are all on leave of absence from the U.N. truce supervisory organisation for Israel's frontier. The Commandant is Lieut.-Colonel Maurice Brown.



AT HIS LONDON HOME: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH HIS FELLOW TRUSTEES OF CHURCHILL COLLEGE AND THE CHAIRMAN AND DEPUTY CHAIRMAN OF THE APPEALS COMMITTEE.

Sir Winston Churchill, chairman of the trustees of the proposed Churchill College for Cambridge, recently had a meeting with the other trustees at his London home. Our photograph shows Sir Winston (left) seated next to Lord Tedder, Chancellor of the University, who is vice-chairman, and standing (l. to r.) Lord Adrian, Sir Alexander Fleck, Lord Godber, Viscount Chandos, Mr. J. R. Colville (Deputy Chairman of the Appeals Committee), Lord Knollys (Chairman of the Appeals Committee), and Sir Alexander Todd.



UNPERTURBED BY PASSING TRAINS AND ONLY NINE MILES FROM CHARING CROSS: A VIXEN AND HER FAMILY PLAYING HAPPILY A FEW YARDS FROM THE RAILWAY LINE. THEIR ANTICS ARE A GREAT SOURCE OF INTEREST TO PASSENGERS ■ THE NEARBY TRAINS WHICH PASS AT FREQUENT INTERVALS.



THE END OF AN UNAUTHORISED FLIGHT: THE WRECKAGE OF A U.S. B45 TORNADO BOMBER NEAR THE LONDON-EDINBURGH LINE AT WOOD WALTON.

A United States B45 Tornado bomber, flown from the U.S.A.F. base at Alconbury, Huntingdonshire, by ■ mechanic, crashed beside the main London-Edinburgh line at Wood Walton ■ June 13. The mechanic was killed.



PROCLAIMING THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD FOR 1959: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY WHEN THE GORSEDD OF ■ OF WALES ASSEMBLED ■ THE CASTLE GREEN OF CAERNARVON CASTLE.

On June 12 ■ hundreds of people gathered on the battlements of Caernarvon Castle to ■ the assembled Gorsedd of Bards of Wales and to hear the proclamation of next year's Eisteddfod. The ceremony included singing and harp-playing and the presentation of ■ "Horn of Plenty."



IN THE GARDENS OF CLARENCE HOUSE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTING THE WELLINGTON HIGHLAND PIPE BAND AFTER THEY HAD PLAYED FOR HER.

AIRCRAFT
SWALLOWS
MISSILE: THE
UNITED STATES
CARGOMASTER
TRANSPORT
AIRCRAFT TAKES ON
A *THOR* BALLISTIC
MISSILE.

THESE newly-released photographs demonstrate the capability of the Douglas *C-133A Cargomaster* military transport aircraft to carry one of the United States Air Force's largest ballistic missiles, the *Thor*. In fact, these aircraft can carry all of the many huge U.S. missiles, and a new version, the *C-133B*, is being developed to permit still easier handling of the missiles. The *C-133A* is a four-engine turboprop aircraft and has a range of 1300 miles when carrying a 100,000-lb. payload. With a payload of 50,000 lb. the range increases to 4030 miles. The hold, which is 90 ft. long and has a constant floor width of 11 ft. 10 ins., has a capacity of 13,000 cubic feet. The aircraft has a wing-span of 179 ft. 8 ins. and a total length of 157 ft. 6½ ins. Detailed design work on the *C-133* began in February 1953, and the first operational *C-133A* was delivered to the U.S. Air Force on August 29, 1957.

(Right.) WITH THE HUGE *THOR* BALLISTIC MISSILE FITTING EASILY INTO ITS FUSELAGE: THE DOUGLAS *C-133A CARGOMASTER* BEING LOADED IN CALIFORNIA.



READY FOR LOADING INTO THE *CARGOMASTER*: ONE OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE'S *THOR* INTERMEDIATE RANGE BALLISTIC MISSILES.

TURKISH CYPRIOT VIOLENCE IN CYPRUS; THE AIRLIFT OF PARACHUTE TROOPS.



AT THE KEMAL ATATURK MAUSOLEUM IN ANKARA: A VAST TURKISH CROWD AT A MEETING HELD TO PROTEST AGAINST BRITISH POLICY ON CYPRUS.



LEAVING FOR CYPRUS: MEN OF THE 16TH PARACHUTE BRIGADE GROUP EMBARK AT ABINGDON IN A ROYAL AIR FORCE BEVERLEY.



EN ROUTE FOR CYPRUS: MEN OF THE 16TH BATTALION, THE 16TH PARACHUTE BRIGADE GROUP, CHEERFULLY FACE THE CAMERA DURING THEIR FLIGHT IN A R.A.F. BEVERLEY.



AT ALDERSHOT: ONE OF THE BRITISH PARACHUTE TROOPS GETTING READY FOR THE FLIGHT TO CYPRUS. THE AIRLIFT WAS FROM ABINGDON AND LYNEHAM R.A.F. STATIONS.



IN NICOSIA: A BRITISH SOLDIER REMOVING A TURKISH CYPRIOT YOUTH FROM A FOOD STORE WHERE LOOTING BY TURKISH CYPRIOTS WAS OCCURRING.



AN INCIDENT IN WHICH TURKISH CYPRIOTS RANSACKED SHOPS IN NICOSIA: AN INJURED TURKISH CYPRIOT BEING LED AWAY BY A BRITISH MILITARY POLICEMAN, WHILE OTHERS ARE DETAINED.

On June 14, following a week of renewed violence in Cyprus, in which thirteen Greeks and two Turks had been killed, the first unit of the 3000-strong 16th Parachute Brigade Group arrived by air in Nicosia. The rest of the Group was to follow. The War Office said the move was a purely precautionary measure. At the same time the British plan for the future of Cyprus, which was to be announced in the House of Commons on June 17, was rejected both in Athens and in Ankara. During the course of the

renewed violence in Cyprus, which followed an intensification of the Turkish-Cypriot campaign for partition, Greek shops in the municipal market in Nicosia were damaged in raids by Turkish Cypriots. The recent events in Cyprus increased tension between Greece and Turkey, and on June 15 it was reported Greece had terminated her military co-operation with Turkey under the North Atlantic Treaty, withdrawing her representatives from the N.A.T.O. headquarters at Izmir, in Turkey.

WHEN the sudden revolt occurred in Lebanon the general disposition was to treat it as a simple problem. Those who have not followed events closely are inclined to do so still. The despatches of correspondents, some of which have been excellent, show that, whether or not the revolt itself was simple, the aftermath has not been so and the present state of affairs is highly complex. The rising was the act of powerful Opposition forces. They were aided by arms from outside and by large-scale incursions across the frontier with Syria. They were heartily backed by the United Arab Republic. First reports of the success of the Government proved to be over-optimistic in the extreme. The defeats suffered by the rebels were far from decisive.

This, however, is only the military aspect. Behind it the political picture has been slowly outlined and has now revealed extraordinary features. One point, the proposed extension of the tenure of office of President Chamoun by a hasty amendment of the constitution, would seem to have been settled, but the effect has fallen short of expectations. Those who assert that the United States, some say Britain also, should have taken action and that their failure to do so up to now involves a heavy defeat may be right. Their claim that the problem was straightforward is, however, not easy to sustain. It appears that not only the least extreme elements of the Opposition but perhaps even some supporters of the Government regard the prospect as calamitous and would be almost equally distressed by the appearance of a United Nations force to keep the peace.

The Government may at any moment change its mind on these points. This would not, however, be conclusive proof that either the Eisenhower policy or the intervention of U.N. forces was the best solution. The sympathies of the Lebanon Government lie with the West. At the same time the feeling is widespread that the country should maintain an independent outlook, that it should not allow itself to pass under the protection of the United States, and that if it did it would become isolated from the Arab world, with unhappy internal political and social results. The State Department must have been better informed from the first than the rest of us. One may argue that it has been wrong to stand back, but it has not done so out of timidity or lethargy.

This much said, let us face the outlook without coloured spectacles. The hope that the Lebanon Government will be able by its own exertions and with the limited aid in arms it has received or is due to receive from the United States and the United Kingdom is far from bright. It may well be that the situation has been reached in which one of two alternatives must be faced: either the overthrow of the Government, followed by the absorption of Lebanon in the Egyptian-Syrian camp, even perhaps in the U.A.R.; or effective intervention by the West to prevent the revolt from bringing about such consequences. This is not an exaggerated view.

The Arab League is split through, some consider that it is in dissolution. On the other hand, in the discussion in the Security Council on June 11, when it was decided to send a group of observers to Lebanon, Iraq supported her strongly. Iraq's representative said that if interference and subversion went on and proved successful, no State in the Middle East could feel safe. He declared that the revolt had been influenced by Soviet

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. LEBANON IN TRAVAIL.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Russia, acting through the medium of the U.A.R.; Communism and "Nasserism" were at the root of the trouble. No one can doubt that he was right, but it was a bolder statement than has been customary by an Arab commentator on a deep-seated conflict in the Arab world.

by many Christians including clergy, that the carefully established balance would be upset, on the face of it to their advantage but in fact with the reverse effect, were the country to become in the eyes of its own Muslims and of other Arab States a protectorate of the West. This has been a factor in the hesitations recorded above.

At the time of writing, the military situation within the country may be set out in broad terms as follows. The Government's hold is as precarious as it has been at any time since the first few days of the revolt. Even in Beirut revolt is not disarmed. It is known to have received new and formidable weapons during the early days of this month. Tripoli, where the rising was most successful at the start, has not been cleared. Armed forces are not merely practising guerrilla warfare but, according to reliable reports, are barricaded in and controlling parts of the town. In the open country a strong force of Druses is at large. Its column has been checked and deflected from objectives, but has not been defeated, perhaps not even attacked. And it is a commonplace that partial success is morally a victory to rebels but not to the upholders of law and order, because they are expected to win.

I have striven to make my way through the characteristic barrage of "double talk." One can be sure that many statements not only need to be discounted but may mean something totally different from their face value. We cannot even be sure that when members of the Government hint reproachfully that the United States has been slow to act they really desire that it should act. We should know their sentiments were we in possession of the terms of their communications to Washington and Whitehall, but these are not likely to be revealed unless action is taken. Their general content would in that case almost certainly be published.

Here then, as I see it, is a difficult and puzzling situation. I have set down reasons in favour of different courses. Act or wait? Right or wrong, however, I do not intend to stand on the fence. I consider that the time is running out. If the aid of United Nations observers which was approved by the Security Council on June 11 does not avail, if the revolt continues to flourish, and if the Government of the Lebanon calls for forceful aid, I firmly believe that it ought to be given. And in setting down these three "ifs" I do not suggest that they can be considered at leisure. The trouble has been going on a long time and every extension of the period will make assistance more difficult.

I am aware that this type of solution is unfashionable and I certainly would not advocate resort to it in many situations which would have led to its being adopted in the last century without hesitation. But what is the alternative, assuming that the dangers are as great as I have concluded? In the first place, Lebanon will go down. That will not, however, be the end. The aggressors will be emboldened to multiply their efforts after so tame

a surrender to force. Other countries in a weak position or in doubt about their future course of action will take note of the defeat of the West, and this one incident may prove a disastrous turning-point in their policies. If we get into the habit of shying away from a decision whenever it involves unwelcome action, this process will continue till all that we have striven for has gone down the drain.



TYPICAL OF MANY WESTERN-STYLE BUILDINGS BEING ERECTED IN LEBANON: A BLOCK OF FLATS IN BEIRUT, WHERE THERE HAS BEEN A NEW OUTBREAK OF FIGHTING.

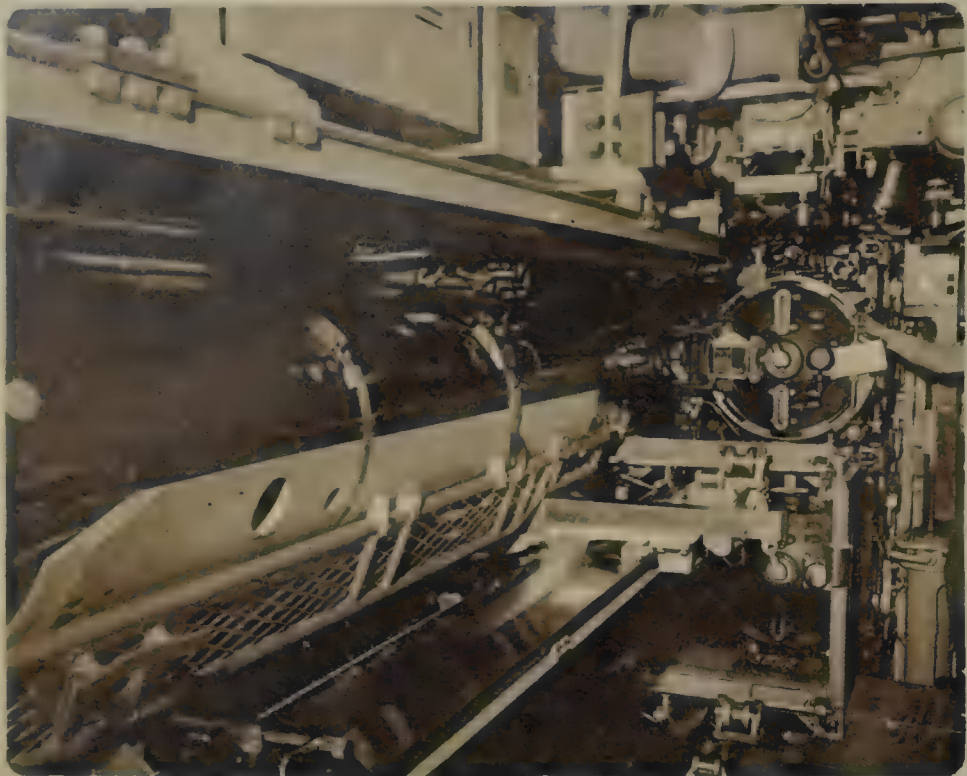


A STREET INTERSECTION IN BEIRUT WHERE, IT IS CLAIMED, TWENTY-ONE PEOPLE WERE KILLED IN A CLASH BETWEEN RIOTERS AND POLICE ON JUNE 5-6.

The uprising in Lebanon, which is discussed by Captain Falls, entered a new phase of violence when the first sustained fighting in Beirut, the capital, broke out between rebels and Government forces on June 14. Further fighting was also reported in Tripoli. The outbreak followed the arrival in Lebanon of the small group of U.N. observers, who were to investigate charges that the United Arab Republic was interfering in Lebanon's internal affairs. The civil war in Lebanon started just over a month ago.

Lebanon is unique in that world as the only member with a population almost equally divided between Muslims and Christians. The two religions have existed side by side without conflict, but the Christian has always recognised since the Republic was set up that it must exercise caution. Lebanon is an Arab State. It would cease to be one in the accepted significance of the term were the Christian element to become predominant. Now it is felt,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



CALIFORNIAN WATERS, U.S.A. INSIDE ONE OF AMERICA'S NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINES: A LOADED TUBE IN THE TORPEDO ROOM OF U.S.S. NAUTILUS. *Nautilus* and *Skate* were America's first nuclear-powered submarines; and *Nautilus*, which was designed to travel faster under water than on the surface, had her first trials in January 1955. A demonstration of her powers and installations was recently given to the Press at San Francisco.



CALIFORNIAN WATERS, U.S.A. A SUBMARINE'S-EYE-VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN THROUGH THE ATTACK PERISCOPE OF NAUTILUS DURING A RECENT DEMONSTRATION.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. THE FLOODLIT LAUNCHING OF WEATHERLY, A POTENTIAL CONTENDER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: THE SCENE AT STAMFORD ON JUNE 12.

As stated in our last issue, when reporting the launching of *Columbia*, there are four candidates to defend the America's Cup against *Sceptre*: *Vim*, *Columbia* (launched on June 3), *Weatherly* (launched and named on June 12), and the not-yet-complete *Easterner*. *Weatherly* has been built for a three-man syndicate.



PARIS. FLOODLIT FOR THE FIRST TIME ON JUNE 10: THE CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRES, THE OLDEST CHURCH IN PARIS. THIS ROMANESQUE CHURCH IS THE CHIEF SURVIVOR OF THE GREAT BENEDICTINE ABBEY BUILT IN THE SIXTH CENTURY BY CHILDEBERT I.



ROME. WITH A DOME REPUTED SECOND ONLY TO ST. PETER'S: THE LARGE NEW MODERN CHURCH DEDICATED TO ST. GIOVANNI BOSCO, WHICH IS NOW NEARING COMPLETION. THE CHURCH STANDS IN THE QUADRARO DISTRICT OF ROME.



NEAR SIDON, LEBANON. ARMED REBELS POSING FOR THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS ALONGSIDE THE RAILWAY LINE IN THE SIDON ZONE TO THE SOUTH OF BEIRUT.

The tense situation in Lebanon flared up on June 14 and 15 into the worst street battle that Beirut has known in its history and there was heavy shooting between the Nasser-aided rebels and the security forces. The Army used tanks and it is reported that the rebels used grenades and sticky-bombs. The house of the leader of the rebels, Saeb Salam, was partly wrecked by gunfire.



COLOMBO, CEYLON. SOLDIERS WITH FIXED BAYONETS KEEPING A CURFEW GUARD IN ONE OF THE DISTRICTS OF THE CAPITAL WORST AFFECTED BY THE COMMUNAL RIOTING. On June 12 the curfew was reduced to ten hours a day in north and east Ceylon and this decision indicates some return to normal after last month's communal rioting between Tamils and Sinhalese over the status of the Tamil language. Schools have been reopened, and bars reopened in Colombo. A state of emergency was declared throughout the island.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



U.S.A. MR. MACMILLAN SAYING FAREWELL TO PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON JUNE 11, THE DAY HE LEFT FOR CANADA.

CANADA. MR. MACMILLAN TALKING WITH MR. DIEFENBAKER, THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER, AND MR. FLEMING, FINANCE MINISTER (R.), DURING HIS VISIT TO OTTAWA.

After a delay due to engine trouble, Mr. Macmillan arrived in Washington by air for his short visit on June 7. One of his first engagements was a visit to Depauw University, Indiana, where he was given a rousing reception by students following his address. The visit had also a personal aspect, as Indiana is the home state of Mr. Macmillan's mother. On June 8 talks between President Eisenhower, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Dulles were opened in Washington. Economic expansion in the Free World, to meet the Communist challenge, was one of the chief topics discussed. On June 11 Mr. Macmillan flew to Ottawa, where, before returning to London on June 14, he had talks with the Canadian Prime Minister and addressed Parliament. Mr. Macmillan's tour was described as a great personal success.

(Right.)

CANADA. AFTER ADDRESSING PARLIAMENT IN OTTAWA: MR. MACMILLAN, LEFT CENTRE, RECEIVES A LONG OVATION.



BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE. A DEMONSTRATION—LATER DISPERSED BY POLICE—IN FAVOUR OF EX-PRESIDENT PERON. A BAN ON HIS PARTY WAS RECENTLY LIFTED.



MONACO. ON THE OCCASION OF A GALA BALL AND FILM PREMIERE: PRINCESS GRACE CHATS WITH FILM STARS FRANK SINATRA (LEFT) AND PETER LAWFORD.

Princess Grace of Monaco recently met friends from the film world who were in Monaco on the occasion of a gala premiere of the film "Kings Go Forth" and a gala ball, given in aid of the United Nations Fund for Refugees. Among the screen personalities she met were Frank Sinatra and Peter Lawford.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



(Left). GOREME, TURKEY. FROM THE CAVES OF THE FAMOUS FANTASTIC ERODED LANDSCAPE OF GOREME: A STONE EAGLE, WITH A GREEK MEMORIAL INSCRIPTION.

During a visit in 1956 to Goreme, in central Turkey, famous for its fantastic landscape and frescoed caves, Mr. K. Eckstein, of Cambridge, was shown by local people this engaging little stone eagle (about 2 ft. high) which they said had been recently found in one of the caves. The inscription has been dated by Mr. W. H. C. Frend, of Caius College, as probably of the second century A.D. and deciphered as a memorial inscription (to their mother) by two donors. It bears some resemblance to the syncretic sculptures of Commagene (as at Nemrud Dag) and northern Iraq.



BERLIN. FINISHING THE COLOSSAL BRONZE CAST OF THE HEAD OF THE GODDESS OF VICTORY WHO WILL DRIVE THE QUADRIGA ON TOP OF THE RESTORED BRANDENBURG GATE. THE RESTORATION IS BEING DONE IN EAST GERMANY, BUT WEST BERLIN CONTRIBUTES THE QUADRIGA.



VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA. BRITISH COLUMBIA'S GIFT TO THE QUEEN: A 100-FT.-LONG CARVED TOTEM POLE, BEING STOWED ON BOARD SHIP TO TRAVEL TO LONDON.

To mark the province's centennial celebrations, British Columbia is presenting July 19 to her Majesty a huge cedar totem pole, weighing about 30,000 lb. The pole was carved by 74-year-old Chief Martin, of the Kwakwaka'wakw tribe, assisted by members of his family, in eight months. It is expected that it will stand in Windsor Great Park.



WEST GERMANY. A TELEPHONE WITH THE DIAL IN THE BASE-PLATE: A NEW TYPE OF LIGHT HAND INSTRUMENT WHICH IS AT PRESENT AROUSING GREAT INTEREST AT SWEDISH EXHIBITIONS CURRENTLY HELD IN GERMAN TOWNS.



KANSAS, U.S.A. A TORNADO STRUCK AND KILLED AT LEAST THIRTEEN PERSONS: THE SHATTERED RUINS OF A RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF EL DORADO, IN SOUTH-EAST KANSAS. On the night of June 10-11 a tornado severely damaged part of El Dorado, a town of 12,000 in South-East Kansas. The violent storm, which was accompanied by heavy hail, killed at least thirteen persons and injured fifty others. Some houses were swept away.



WEST GERMANY. DESIGNED TO WAKEN THE DROWSY DRIVER AND SO SAVE LIVES: AN EXPERIMENTAL STRETCH OF "WASH-BOARD" CONCRETE INSTALLED ON THE AUTOBAHN NEAR FRANKFURT, SCENE OF AN ALARMING NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS.

BRAVING THE RAIN: HER MAJESTY AT HER BIRTHDAY PARADE.



UNPROTECTED FROM THE DOWNPOUR: THE QUEEN, TURNING OUT OF THE MALL INTO HORSE GUARDS PARADE, RIDES PAST THE CROWD'S UMBRELLAS.



UNDETERRED BY THE RAIN: HER MAJESTY, ON HER CHESTNUT POLICE HORSE *IMP*, RETURNING TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE PARADE.

Although rain was falling steadily in London in June 12, the Queen's official birthday, the traditional ceremony of Trooping the Colour was held in the morning by personal decision of the Queen. Arrangements had been made to postpone the ceremony until the afternoon if it was very wet, but the weather forecast offered no hope of improvement. A large crowd, wearing mackintoshes and holding umbrellas, saw the Queen leaving Buckingham Palace on seven-year-old *Imp* (*Imperial*) with her scarlet tunic and dark-blue riding habit unprotected from the steady downpour. The Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel of the Welsh Guards, rode behind the

Queen with the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Scots Guards. Shortly before Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, accompanied by Princess Anne and Princess Margaret, arrived at Horse Guards Parade, the Foot Guards, at a swift word of command, removed the blue-grey capes which they were wearing over their scarlet tunics. At the end of the hour-long ceremony (described overleaf), during which the Queen occasionally raised a hand to wipe the rain off her face, her Majesty took her place at the head of the Queen's Guard and rode back to Buckingham Palace, where she took the salute at the centre gate as the troops marched off.



A DAMP BUT IMPRESSIVE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE: THE QUEEN TAKING THE SALUTE

The weather on June 12 was hardly ideal for the Queen's Birthday Parade, but even the persistent rain could not rob the occasion of its traditional splendours. Just before eleven o'clock, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Princess Anne drove on to Horse Guards Parade in a closed carriage, and shortly afterwards the Queen arrived, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, as Colonel of the Welsh Guards, and by the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Scots Guards and senior Colonel of the Brigade of Guards.

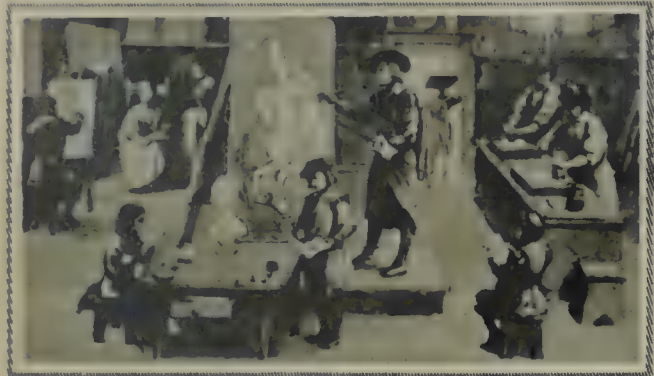
After saluting her mother, the Queen turned to inspect the eight guards, each of three officers and seventy-six men, and the Sovereign's Escort. The guards were provided by the Scots Guards, the Grenadier Guards and the Coldstream Guards, and during the Queen's inspection, Scottish tunes were played by the massed bands of the Brigade, drawn up in the centre of the parade-ground. The Queen and the Royal procession returned to the saluting-base in front of Horse Guards Arch, and then came the most striking



IN FRONT OF HORSE GUARDS ARCH DURING THE MARCH PAST OF FOOT GUARDS.

rt of the Parade, the Trooping the Colour. The Escort for the Colour, e of the guards provided by the Scots Guards, marched up to the Colour e Queen's Colour of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards), which then eived by the ensign. To the strains of the National Anthem, and with the endid dignity of the slow march, the Colour was trooped, being carried ng in front of the line of Guardsmen while the Escort passed behind them. e Trooping followed by the March Past, in which the eight guards

marched past first in slow and then in quick time—the latter to the accom- paniment of drums and pipes. The Foot Guards returned to their places and the mounted band of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) rode into the centre of the square. As they played their own and the Life Guards' regimental marches, the Household Cavalry marched past, first at the walk and then at the trot. Finally, the Queen, mounted side-saddle on the police horse *Imp* and followed by her Guard, rode off towards the Palace.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

MOSTLY FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

I SUPPOSE that if I settled down to a week's intensive research I could ferret out an imposing array of facts about the quantity of fine French furniture which has appeared on the London market during the past few years. My guess is that far more has come out in the open recently than used to be the case in the years between the wars. The reason—and here I am guessing again—is that high prices on the international market have encouraged owners to dispose of it. That is natural enough; what seems to me surprising is that so much from the workshops of famous makers found its way to this country in the past without, as far as I know, anyone paying much attention. Importations during the eighteenth century itself were probably considerable and there must have been still more coming in after the Revolution and during the whole of the nineteenth century.

What is certain is that up to the time of the First World War French furniture was not studied here with anything like the care we gave to our own and that the French dealers who made a practice of visiting England in the 1920's acquired some astonishing bargains as a result. To-day far more people are familiar with the story of its development, have learnt to distinguish between the fine and the not so fine and have begun to take an interest in the various individuals who made so remarkable a contribution to the craftsmanship of their generation. On the whole, the Paris trade was fairly strictly organised in a guild, a circumstance which helps the researcher in some respects. From about 1750 the *maîtres-ébénistes*, or master cabinet-makers, were supposed to stamp their productions with their name. But some famous men enjoying the Royal favour were able to work outside the guild rules, and others—"free workmen"—carried on happily enough in what modern planners would perhaps describe as an unauthorised manner. The result is that while we know the dates of many, just as we know the dates of English silversmiths and clock-makers, and can see many signed works (and wished our own people at the time had adopted a similar practice), a signature is by no means everything, whereas quality is.

The usual June Exhibition at Frank Partridge and Sons contains some uncommonly nice examples, some indubitably from distinguished hands, others "in the manner of," and all of them obviously chosen to show the taste of the last half of the eighteenth century at its most discreet—for I suppose no one will deny, any more than do the French themselves—that there were moments during these years when ornament ran riot and that some pieces were manufactured so plastered with ormolu and plaques of porcelain and similar confectionery that exuberance could scarcely go further. The *bureau plat*—writing-table—of Fig. 1 will do as well as anything to indicate this standard

of luxurious simplicity, with its flowering easy line and beautifully chased ormolu mounts. It is signed by Jacques Dubois, who was born about 1693 and died in 1763, and whose widow, in partnership with their son René, continued to use the family signature for another twenty years. The father was one of the many admirable craftsmen who, during the 1750's, can be said to have guided the taste of the fashionable world away from the excessive richness of the decoration of the

summarily described; in fact, it is a table of great dignity and may well, as tradition has it, have been originally made for the Empress Josephine at Malmaison—it would certainly look in no way out of place in that elegant house to-day.

But England is no less well represented—there is a well-known architect's desk in mahogany (I mean, the desk is a famous piece, while the architect for whom it was made is not known) in which a movable drawing-board forms the top, while the upper of two drawers below opens out to provide space for writing and for a neat arrangement of small inner drawers; various Hepplewhite and Chippendale chairs; a Sheraton china cabinet in dark satinwood; and this dignified commode (Fig. 2), its panelled doors enclosing drawers. Again, a well-known piece, formerly in the collection of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and from the workshop of William Vile, who did several things for Queen Charlotte and might have been as well known to-day as Chippendale had he published a pattern book.

Reliquaries, in the form of the heads of saintly personages, were favourite subjects for the mediaeval goldsmith; those which survive, mainly in church sacristies, are marvels of early craftsmanship without necessarily carrying conviction in portraits. A Spanish silver and parcel-gilt reliquary, once in the Spitzer Collection, ascribed to the fifteenth century and thought to be a portrait of King Ferdinand, seems to me unusually convincing as a portrait whoever the personage actually is. A lively little bronze of a girl, a rough sketchy cast, makes one think of late Hellenistic bronzes but is apparently fifteenth-century Italian—Siena is suggested—and there are two imposing little equestrian statuettes of the seventeenth century in the grand manner, one of Louis XIV riding a prancing horse without stirrups and dressed as a triumphant Roman general; a very pleasant convention of the period to my mind, as witness James II outside the National Gallery. The other is a thoughtful Florentine work of about the mid-century—a portrait of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm of Austria (1614-62). This is very carefully executed, the details of harness and armour meticulously rendered, the whole conception quiet, nearly static.

Among other small objects, the eye is inevitably caught by a pair of admirable porcelain parrots, Ch'ien Lung period, and by two very rare Bristol glass vases and covers with elaborate rococo

mounts; one is not surprised to learn that the mounts bear the London hall-mark for 1752—they could scarcely belong to any other decade—rustic handles, each entwined by a snake and a general air of irresponsible gaiety. Those who fondly imagine that the English could never let themselves go in the minor arts could profitably gaze upon them. They have been known for many years and were once in the collection of Colonel Mulliner. Paintings, bronzes and a few pieces of porcelain—notably a K'ang Hsi high-mettled charger with an endearing glance in his eye—complete a thoroughly civilised exhibition.



FIG. 1. DATING FROM 1742 AND SIGNED J. DUBOIS: A VERY FINE LOUIS XV BUREAU PLAT—ONE OF THE FRENCH PIECES FROM FRANK PARTRIDGE'S EXHIBITION ABOUT WHICH FRANK DAVIS WRITES HERE. (Length, 57½ ins.; height, 28½ ins.)



FIG. 2. A GEORGE II CARVED MAHOGANY COMMODOE BY WILLIAM VILE: IN THE SUMMER EXHIBITION AT FRANK PARTRIDGE AND SONS, 144, NEW BOND STREET, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 22. (Length, 48 ins.; height, 33½ ins.)

1740's towards a no less luxurious but less elaborate style, which in due course had reached a rather rigid angularity even before the Revolution of 1789.

There are numerous pieces in the show in which this gradual transition can be noted, and, finally, one extremely interesting example of the monumental ceremonial style of the French Empire—an imposing table, the top a marble slab, a gilt caryatid at each corner, and a two-handled vase in the centre of the stretcher, flanked by two sphinxes; the wood, solid mahogany with ormolu mounts. It sounds an unlikely design, thus

THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—II. BADMINTON SCHOOL.



ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S CHAMBER MUSIC GROUPS: A STRING QUARTET AT PRACTICE. THERE ARE ALSO SENIOR AND JUNIOR ORCHESTRAS, AND A CHOIR.



WITH THE HEADMISTRESS: THREE OF THE SCHOOL PREFECTS, WHO ARE ELECTED, WITH MISS B. M. SANDERSON.



A CORNER OF THE RECENTLY EXTENDED DINING-HALL IN NORTHCOTE. THE MANTELPiece DATES FROM THE LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



RELAXING OVER A CUP OF COFFEE IN THEIR PRIVATE ROOM: A GROUP OF PREFECTS TAKING A REST FROM THEIR DUTIES.

Badminton School was founded 100 years ago this year when Mrs. William Badock, a member of a well-known Bristol family, opened a small school in Clifton to educate the children of friends. Since then the School has moved to Westbury-on-Trym, a residential suburb of Bristol, and has greatly expanded, now numbering over 200 girls (mostly boarders) in the senior school and about 125 in the junior. On June 13 the fine new Science Block, one of

the extensions for which a Centenary Appeal was launched by the Governors in 1955, was opened by Countess Mountbatten. On July 25 to 27 there is to be a special Centenary week-end, during which there will be three performances in the School Hall of a Cantata written for the School's Centenary by Michael Tippett, and with text by Christopher Fry. The Cantata will be sung by the School Choir and conducted by the composer.

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.

AT A FLOURISHING GIRLS' PUBLIC SCHOOL CELEBRATING



ARTS AND CRAFTS FOR THE JUNIOR SCHOOL : A CLASS TAKING PLACE IN THE LOFT OF THE OLD COACH HOUSE.



LEARNING HOW TO PLAY A STRAIGHT BAT : GIRLS BEING COACHED IN CRICKET BY A CRICKET COACH AND A MEMBER OF THE STAFF, TO THE RIGHT.



MAKE AND MEND : HARD WORK WITH NEEDLE AND THREAD IN PROGRESS IN ONE OF THE ROOMS IN SCHOOL HOUSE AFTER SUPPER.



A NOTABLE FEATURE AT BADMINTON : THE SCHOOL HALL AND



ANOTHER VIEW OF A "MAKE AND MEND" SESSION IN SCHOOL HOUSE: SOME OF THE GIRLS AT WORK LEARNING THE USEFUL ARTS OF SEWING AND DARNING.



GIRLS ENGAGED IN PAINTING, ONE OF THE NON-ACADEMIC ACTIVITIES WHICH FORM AN IMPORTANT PART OF SCHOOL LIFE AT BADMINTON.

Badminton has an important place among the girls' public schools of Britain, and it is noted for the way in which the pupils are encouraged to take an interest in current affairs and in helping to shape the community in which they are living. The school was a founder-member of an international group of schools set up under the auspices of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation in 1949. (Miss Sanderson, the Headmistress,

is at present the Chairman of this international group of schools.) As a matter of policy the School always has some foreign children among its boarders. The girls take part in school organisation through their elected Prefects and House Captains, and their representatives on the School Council, and are allowed a considerable degree of freedom to encourage them to develop their individual interests. The present emphasis of the School's

Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News"

CENES AT BADMINTON, WHICH IS NOW TS CENTENARY.



TENNIS COACHING TAKING PLACE : A CLASS VIGOROUSLY PRACTISING ON THE TENNIS COURTS UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF ONE OF THE TEACHERS.



STEPPING OUT TO THE WICKET : TWO YOUNG BATSWOMEN LEAVING THE PAVILION NEXT TO THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK.



ORCHESTRA, HERE SEEN PRACTISING IN THE COMBINED REHEARSAL HALL.



IN A WELL-EQUIPPED, MODERN LABORATORY AT BADMINTON : AN ADVANCED LEVEL PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY CLASS TAKING PLACE.



THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEACHER HELPS WITH THE MAKING OF A SKIRT, WHILE A FOREIGN PUPIL DOES SOME IRONING AND ANOTHER READS A FASHION BOOK.



A COOKERY CLASS IN PART OF THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK, WHICH WAS A MAJOR PART OF THE CENTENARY PLANS AND WAS RECENTLY OPENED.

policy was originated by Miss Baker, Headmistress from 1911 to 1947. During this period Professor Gilbert Murray became the School's first President. A notable feature of Badminton's history is the fact that since its foundation there have been no more than four Headmistresses. Mrs. Badock, who started by teaching seven children, moving to Badminton House in Clifton as the numbers grew, continued to run her School until she retired in 1893, by which

time there were over fifty pupils. She was followed by a former pupil and member of the staff, Miss Bartlett. Under Miss Baker the numbers grew rapidly and the School moved to Westbury-on-Trym in 1923, becoming a Public School in 1931 with a number of well-known educationalists on the Board of Governors. Miss Baker was succeeded in 1947 by the present Headmistress, Miss Sanderson.

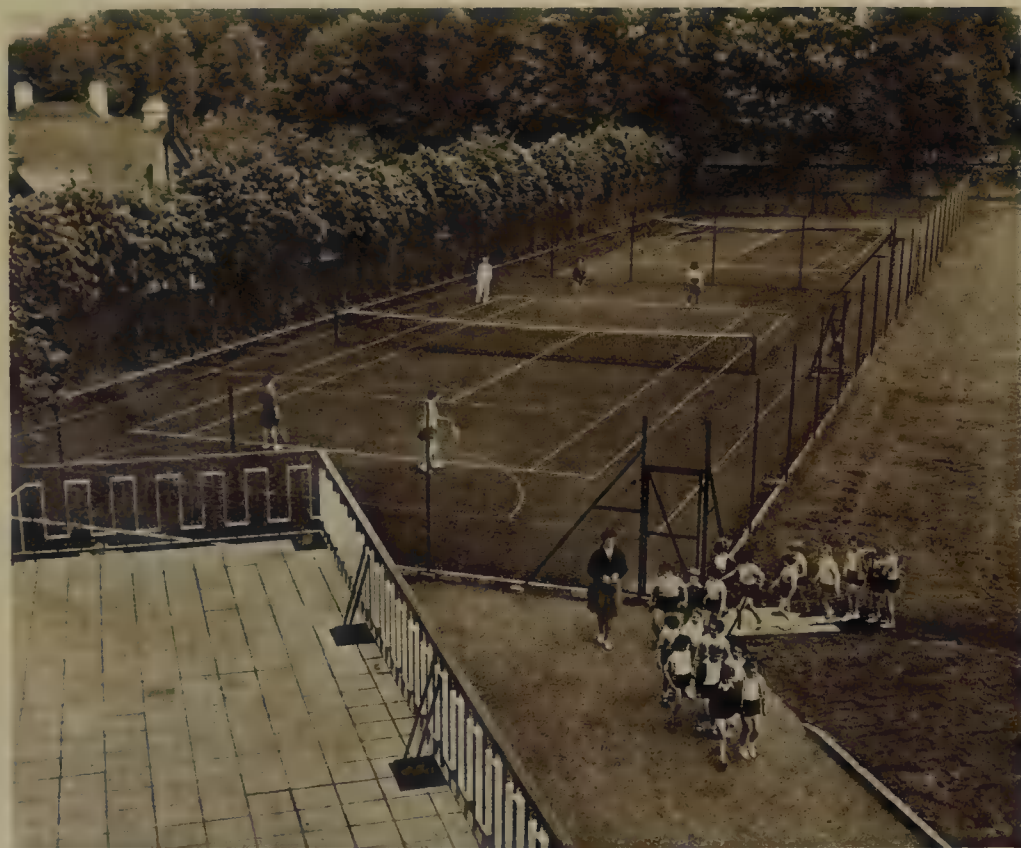
AT BADMINTON—FROM TENNIS COACHING TO THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK.



SOME OF THE GIRLS CHATTING ON THE PLEASANT LAWN IN FRONT OF SCHOOL HOUSE AND, LEFT, NORTHCOTE.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PLEASANT LAWNS AT NORTHCOTE, SHOWING PART OF THE ROSE GARDEN.



SEEN FROM A WING OF THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK: TENNIS COACHING IN PROGRESS, AND IN THE FOREGROUND, A GROUP OF JUNIORS.



CHEERFUL AND CAREFREE, SOME OF THE YOUNGER GIRLS FORGET THE WORRIES OF SCHOOL LIFE TO HAVE A GO ON THE GIANT STRIDE.



THE BACK OF THE FINE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK, WHICH WAS OPENED BY COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN ON JUNE 13.



FROM THE ROOF OF THE NEW SCIENCE BLOCK: THE JUNIOR SCHOOL WITH ITS RECREATION- AND PLAY-GROUNDS.

Badminton School remained at Badminton House, Clifton, until 1923, when it moved to a large house in its own grounds at Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, to which a number of modern school buildings had been added. In 1927 and 1933 new wings and an open-air swimming-bath were built. With the help of Old Girls, parents and friends, the combined Chapel and Hall was constructed, also at this period. The next additions were the Junior School, built in the grounds, and the acquisition of an adjacent estate, the

main house of which was converted into a boarding-house. Further expansion followed, and in 1955 the Governors launched a Centenary Appeal for £50,000 to make possible the building of further school buildings, and also to form an Endowment Fund. Since then, much of the building plan has been completed. Besides the building of the Science Block, the Dining Hall in Northcote has been enlarged and a new wing added to School House. Next to the Science Block are a new Games Pavilion and Changing Rooms.

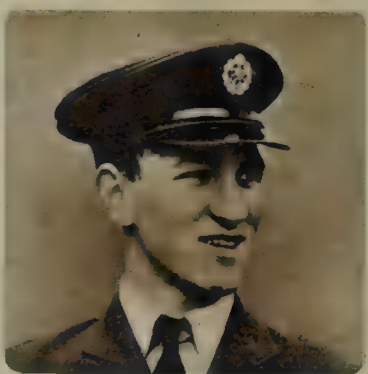
Photographs specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Chris Ware, Keystone Press Agency, Ltd.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK, AND RECIPIENTS OF THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



EMINENT IN PUBLIC LIFE: THE LATE EARL FORTESCUE.

Earl Fortescue died at his home in North Devon on June 14—four days after the death of his wife and on his seventieth birthday. Earl Fortescue, the fifth Earl, was Chief Government Whip in the House of Lords, Lord-Lieutenant of Devon since 1936 and Captain of the Gentlemen at Arms since 1951.



A ROYAL TOURNAMENT HORSE JUMPING TRIUMPH:

SNR. AIRCRAFTMAN TATLOW. Senior Aircraftman M. Tatlow, R.A.F., won both the King's Cup and the Prince of Wales' Cup for jumping at the Royal Tournament this year. In both events he rode on *Tradesman*. It is the first time either trophy has been won by an airman. He had faultless rounds in 48.6 secs. in the King's Cup and in 45 secs. in the other event.



EXECUTED AFTER A SECRET TRIAL: IMRE NAGY, FORMER HUNGARIAN PREMIER.

On June 17 the Soviet news agency "Tass" reported that Imre Nagy, the Prime Minister of Hungary who was deposed when the 1956 uprising was quelled, had been executed after a secret trial. General Maleter, Mr. Nagy's Defence Minister, and two others had also been executed. Five others were imprisoned. The sentences were passed by a Hungarian court.



A NOTED LONDON UNIVERSITY FIGURE: THE LATE PROFESSOR SAURAT.

Professor Denis Saurat, Emeritus Professor of French Language and Literature in the University of London, died on June 7. He was elected to the Chair of English at Bordeaux in 1922, and to that of French Language and Literature at King's College, London, in 1926. He was an authority on Milton and Blake, and on Victor Hugo.



THE NORWICH UNION'S 150 YEARS: SIR ROBERT BIGNOLD. The Norwich Union Life Insurance Society commemorated the 150th anniversary of its foundation on June 18. Sir Robert Bignold, the President, is the great-great-grandson of the founder, whose direct descendants have served the Union over five generations.



CREATED A BARON: MR. OLIVER POOLE.

Mr. Oliver Poole, Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation from 1955-57, and its Deputy Chairman since 1957, was previously Joint Treasurer from 1952-55. He was M.P. for Oswestry, 1945-50.



CAMBRIDGE BEAT OXFORD AT LAWN TENNIS: THE CAMBRIDGE TEAM, WITH MASCOT. Cambridge, last year's winners, beat Oxford by 15 matches to 6 in the University tennis match at Eastbourne on June 13 and 14. Above, l. to r., are: standing, M. P. Jennett, A. Charanjiva, J. E. Meyer, B. R. Hatton; sitting, M. P. Hann, R. E. Hull (captain), and B. P. Smith.



CREATED A BARON: SIR ELLIS ROBINS.

Sir Ellis Robins, who is honoured for public services in Rhodesia, was born in the U.S. He is President of the British South Africa Company, a director of a number of companies, and an outstanding figure in Rhodesia.



AWARDED THE O.M.:

SIR MACFARLANE BURNET.

Sir Macfarlane Burnet, M.D., F.R.C.P., the Australian authority on virus diseases, is director of the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute for Medical Research, Melbourne, and is Chairman of the National Radiation Advisory Committee.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:

DR. T. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Thomas Armstrong has been Principal of the Royal Academy of Music since 1955. He was organist of Christ Church, Oxford, from 1933 till 1955.



DESIGNATED A D.B.E.:

MISS MAGGIE TEYTE.

Miss Maggie Teyte (Mrs. Margaret Cottingham), the prima donna, is honoured for her services to music. She is now seventy years old and she has sung in opera for more than fifty years.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:

BRIGADIER J. S. K. BOYD. Honoured for his services to bacteriology, Brigadier J. S. K. Boyd has been President of the Royal Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene since 1957.



APPOINTED A C.H.:

SIR OSBERT SITWELL.

Sir Osbert Sitwell, the writer and poet and member of the renowned Sitwell trio, was appointed a Companion of Honour. He is sixty-five and succeeded his father as the fifth baronet in 1943. He was appointed a C.B.E. in 1956.



A GOLFING VICTORY: DR. J. LOCKYER.

Dr. J. Lockyer, a surgeon from Tanganyika, won the Lucifer Golfing Society Empire Trophy at Walton Heath, Surrey, recently, with a score of 75. The contest is open to any amateur golfer of the Empire.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:

PROFESSOR K. G. FEILING.

Professor Keith Grahame Feiling, the historian and author, has been Professor Emeritus in the University of Oxford since 1950. He was Chichele Professor of Modern History, Oxford, 1946-50.



DESIGNATED A KNIGHT BACHELOR:

MR. JOHN N. SUMMERSON.

Mr. J. Summerson has been honoured for his services to the history of architecture. He has been Curator of London's Sir John Soane's Museum since 1945. He is Slade Professor of Fine Art, Oxford, 1958-59.



HONOURED AT YALE UNIVERSITY:

LADY READING.

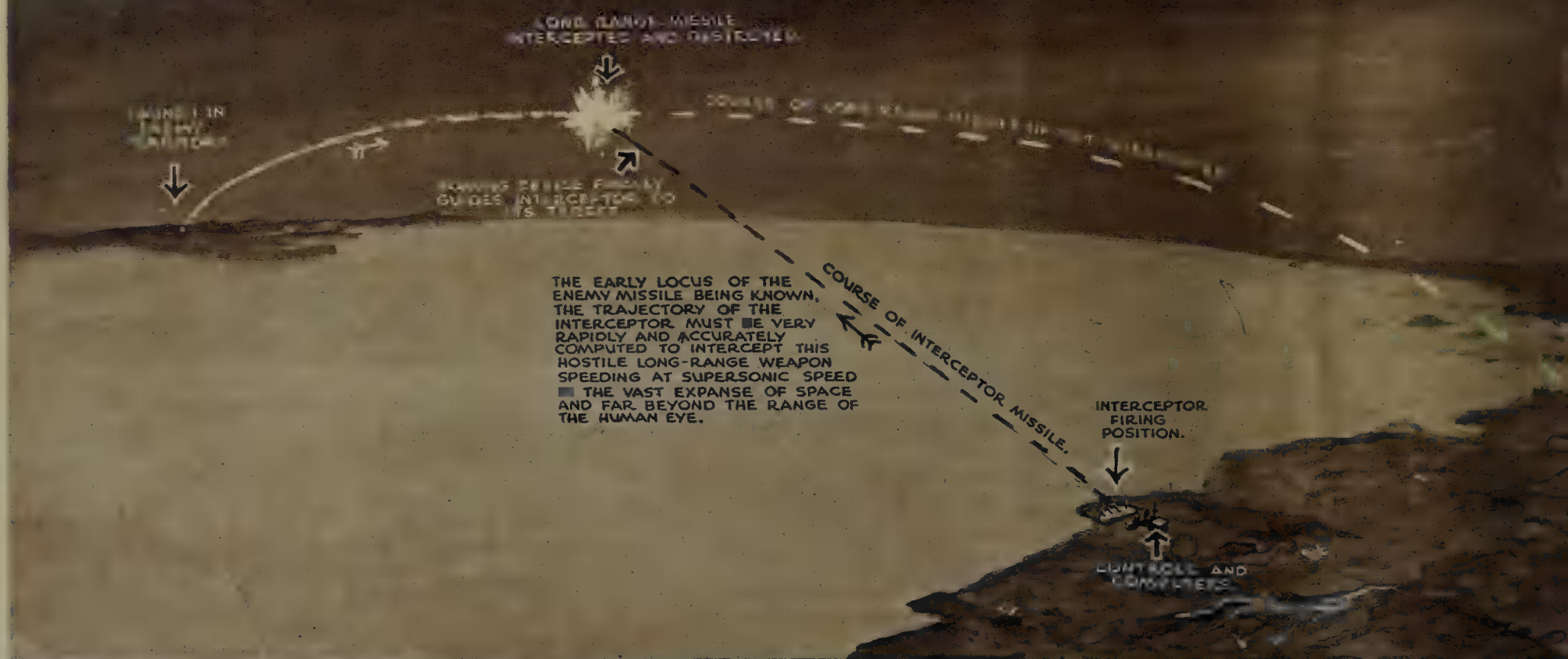
The Dowager Marchioness of Reading received an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at Yale University on June 9, and above is signing the Yale guest book after receiving her degree.



MOBILE MISSILE BASES WILL BE DIFFICULT TO LOCATE AND DESTROY BEFORE BECOMING OPERATIVE.



LONG-RANGE RADAR AND THE ELECTRONIC COMPUTER MUST PLAY AN ALL IMPORTANT PART IN GUIDING THE ANTI-MISSILE WEAPONS OF DEFENCE.



IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT MANNED AIRCRAFT OPERATING AT A GREAT HEIGHT AND PROVIDED WITH RADAR, COMPUTERS AND OTHER AIDS WOULD BE ABLE TO INTERCEPT AND ATTACK THE INTER-CONTINENTAL MISSILE IF ARMED WITH HIGH SPEED MISSILES. THE AIRCRAFT WOULD SPRAY THE MISSILE WITH A SHOWER OF PELLETS AND DESTROY IT.



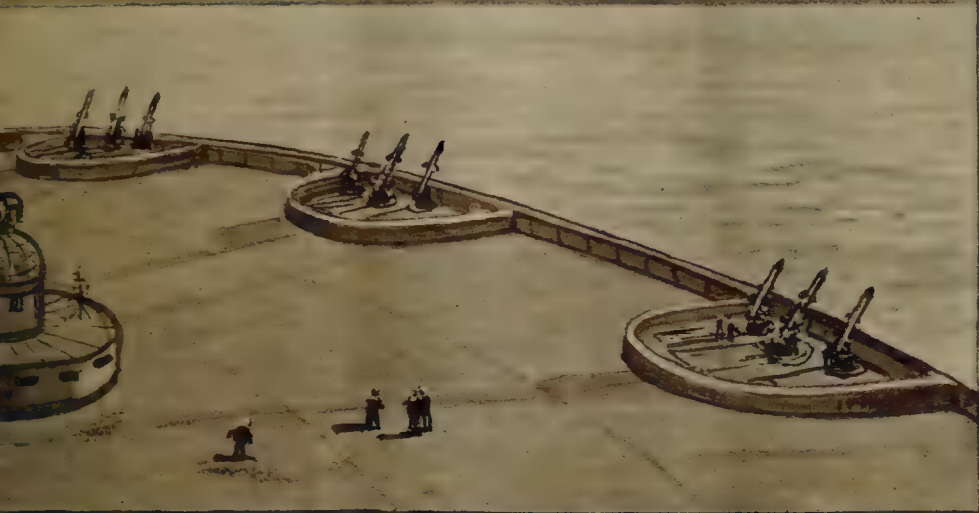
DEFENCE AGAINST THE DEADLY, LONG-RANGE MISSILE: SOME IDEAS FOR MISSILE

The menace of long-range missile warfare became a grim reality in the Second World War when German V2s brought death and destruction to London. Although the launching sites, when known, could be attacked, nothing could be done to intercept the missiles once they were launched. With the coming of atomic warheads and missiles with greater range, missile warfare has become all the more dangerous, and mobile launching bases, either on land or under the sea, are difficult, if not impossible, to detect, and have emphasised the problem of intercepting missiles in flight. The development of long-range radar and electronic computers is an important factor in defence against

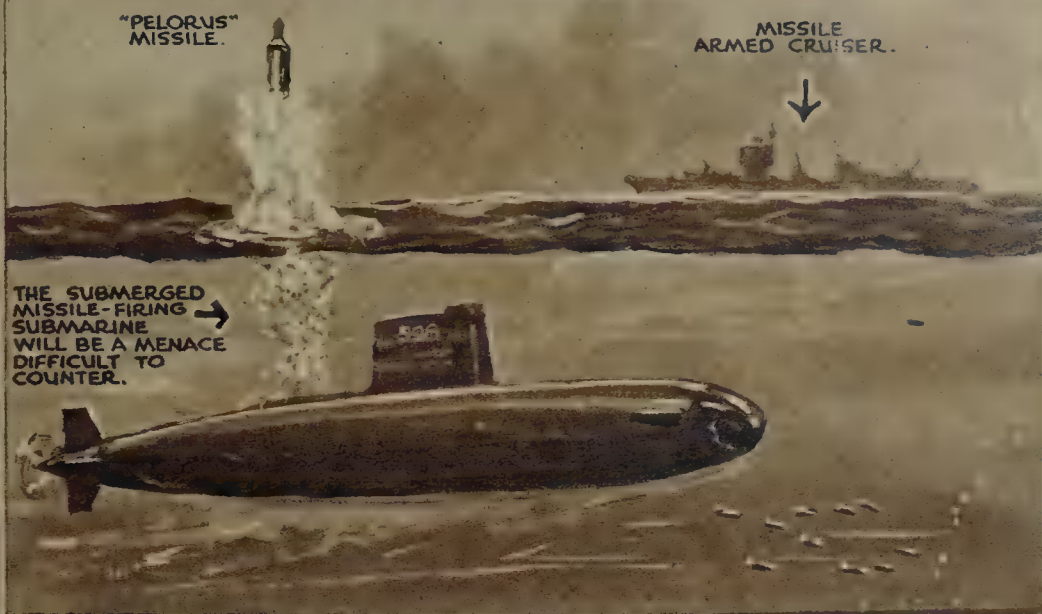
missiles, and, as visitors to the Royal Tournament have been reminded, a British defence system, based on radar, computers and the interceptor missile, is being developed. In the United Kingdom's White Paper on Defence last year it was announced that manned aircraft would eventually be replaced by missiles for attack and defence. However, there has been criticism of this major alteration of policy, and recently senior R.A.F. officers openly stated that there are strong reasons for retaining manned military aircraft, and that the new missiles and manned aircraft should be complementary. Our artist shows in his drawing some of the tasks for which manned aircraft will probably

Drawn by our Special Artist

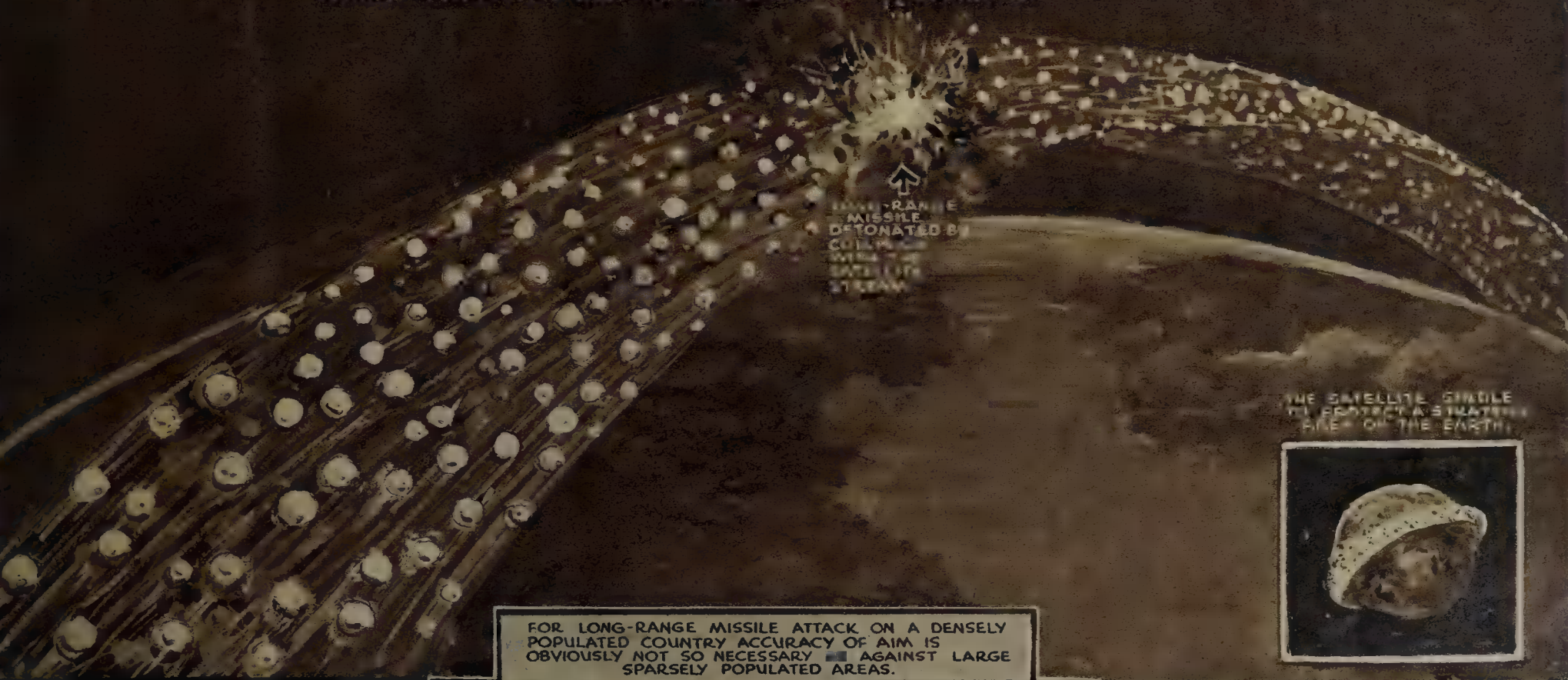
FIXED DEFENCE BASES WILL BE KNOWN TO THE ENEMY AND CAN BE AVOIDED BY THEIR MISSILES. THESE BASES ARE MOREOVER COSTLY TO CONSTRUCT AND VERY VULNERABLE.



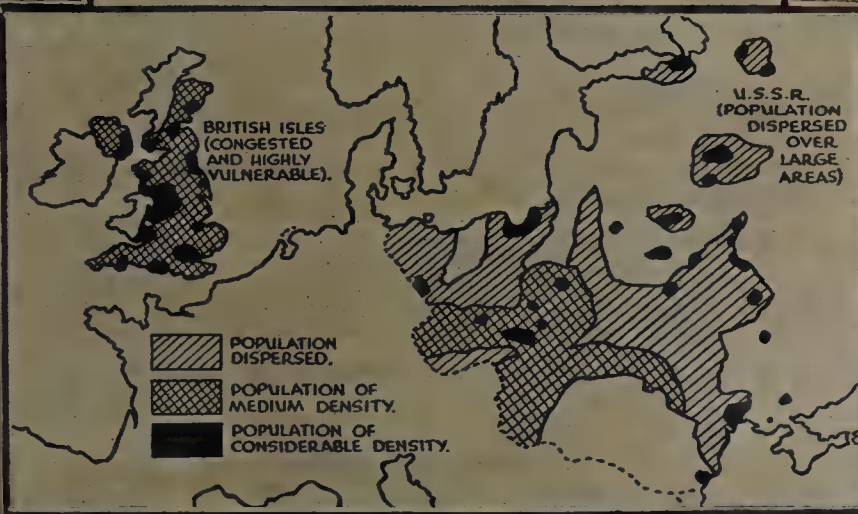
THE MISSILE-FIRING SUBMARINE AND THE MISSILE CRUISER ARE DEADLY LAUNCHING BASES.



THE SATELLITE STREAM IN SPACE, THOUGH ONLY A FANTASTIC DREAM TODAY, A DEFENCE GIRDLE OF SMALL SATELLITES MAY BE A REALITY OF TOMORROW.



FOR LONG-RANGE MISSILE ATTACK ON A DENSELY POPULATED COUNTRY ACCURACY OF AIM IS OBVIOUSLY NOT SO NECESSARY AGAINST LARGE SPARSELY POPULATED AREAS.



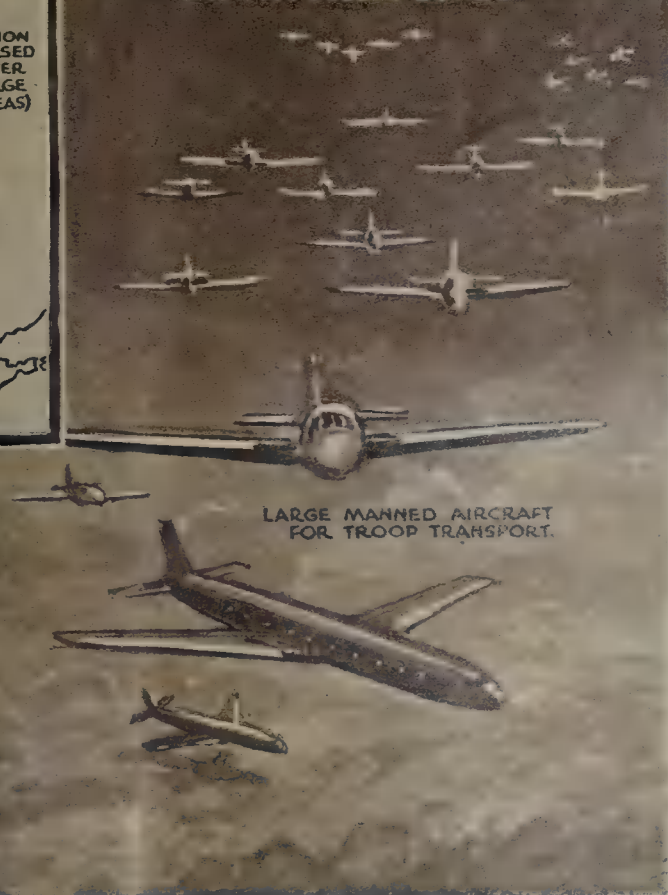
MANY EFFORTS ARE DOING THE HIGH THAT MANNED AIRCRAFT WILL BE REQUIRED FOR MANY YEARS TO COME.



MANNED AIRCRAFT FOR LOW LEVEL ATTACK.



MAKING POSSIBLE THE INTERCEPTION OF A MISSILE BY A MANNED AIRCRAFT.



INTERCEPTION IN THE FUTURE, AND THE CONTINUING NEED FOR MANNED AIRCRAFT.

be necessary for many years to come. Transport aircraft will be needed, and these will require fighters for protection. Rocket-firing aircraft are ideally suitable for attacking small targets. Among the other advantages of manned aircraft is the possibility of launching missiles during flight, thus enabling the missile to be used over greater ranges. While relatively inaccurate missiles landing in Britain could cause widespread death and destruction because of the way in which the population is closely grouped together, targets in Russia, which is less densely populated, would not be so easily vulnerable. The accuracy of attacks by manned bombers could make

it easier to destroy targets scattered widely throughout Russia. Various new ideas were put forward in a recent issue of *Aeronautics* for intercepting ballistic missiles. These include a scheme for launching showers of high-speed pellets at the missile from aircraft patrolling at high altitude, a ray or beam projector sending accelerated particles to cause premature detonation of the warhead, and a belt round part of the world of protective satellites. (The idea of destroying missiles from a patrolling aircraft was proposed by R. Cox Abel.) The stream of satellites may at present appear fantastic, but may yet become a reality of the future.

EUROPEAN WATER-COLOURS: AN IMPORTANT BRITISH MUSEUM EXHIBITION.



"STUDY OF WATER, SKY AND PINE TREES": A SUPERB DRAWING BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528). (Water-colour and body colours: 15½ by 11½ ins.)



"CROYLAND ABBEY," BY JOHN SELL COTMAN (1782-1842): AMONG THE ENGLISH WATER-COLOURS IN THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION. (Water-colour: 11½ by 21½ ins.)



"STUDIES OF WATERFOWL": AN EXCEPTIONAL DRAWING BY FRANCIS PLACE (1647-1728). (Pen and brown ink with grey wash, tinted in water-colours: 8 by 12½ ins.)



"A ROAD THROUGH MEADOWS," BY SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK (1599-1641). (Water-colour and body-colour on blue-grey paper: 11 by 15½ ins.)



"KIRKSTALL ABBEY, YORKSHIRE," BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802), WHO, DESPITE HIS SHORT LIFE, PLAYED A MOST IMPORTANT ROLE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR SCHOOL. (Water-colour: 12½ by 20½ ins.)

Under the title of "Eight Centuries of Landscape and Natural History in European Water-Colour, 1180-1920," the Department of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum has arranged a fascinating exhibition very largely drawn from its own rich resources. The term "water-colour" is taken to cover two distinct mediums: water-colour proper, and body-colour or gouache. The exhibition, which is to be shown in the Gallery of Prints and Drawings until the autumn, starts with a section devoted to landscape from the beginning of the fourteenth to the end of the seventeenth century. This opens with miniatures from fifteenth- and early sixteenth-century French and Flemish manuscripts, such as the Fouquet, and moves to the landscape water-colours of a more modern character with some superb drawings by Albrecht Dürer. These are followed by fine examples of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, including works by Rubens, Vandyck, Jan Brueghel, Philips de Koninck, and Lambert Doomer. Among the later seventeenth-century drawings Francis Place, one of the earliest of English landscape draughtsmen, is represented.

The second section of the exhibition is devoted to Natural History, with many fine water-colour drawings of animals and plants ranging from the twelfth to the twentieth century. Here again there are some notable drawings by Dürer. The English School is well represented by a variety of artists, including John White, Thomas Bewick, Charles Collins, J. F. Lewis and Landseer. In the third section—devoted to landscape from the eighteenth to the twentieth century—the English School comes into its own, and our principal water-colourists are richly represented. This section also includes artists of the French Barbizon and Impressionist Schools.



"DAVID KNEELING IN PENITENCE": A MINIATURE FROM JEAN FOUQUET'S "HOURS OF ETIENNE CHEVALIER"—ONE OF THE 15TH-CENTURY FRENCH WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION.

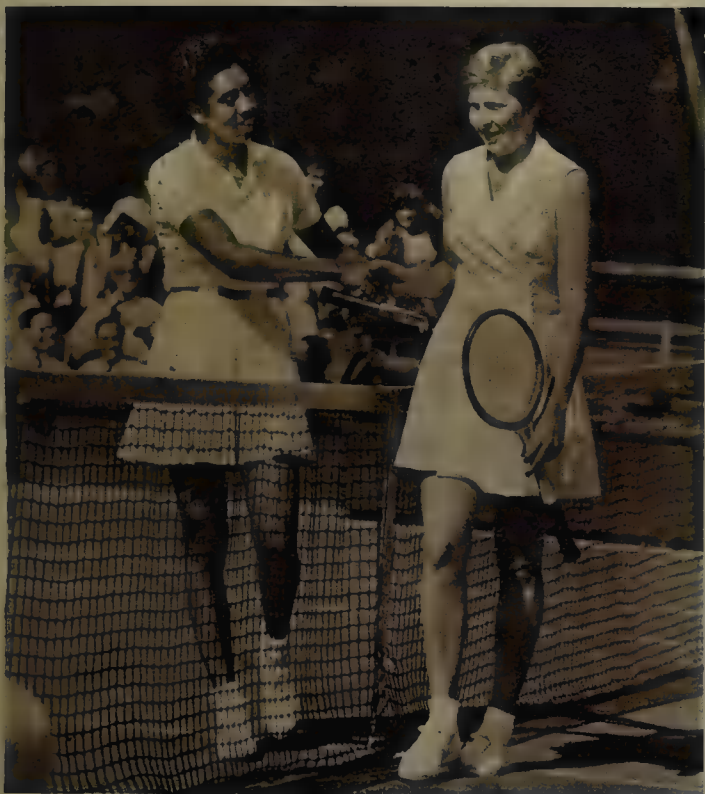
A GREAT TENNIS VICTORY: BRITAIN'S FIRST WIGHTMAN CUP WIN IN 28 YEARS.



THE UNITED STATES WIGHTMAN CUP TEAM AT WIMBLEDON: (L. TO R.) MISS M. ARNOLD, MISS J. S. HOPPS, MRS. D. P. KNODE, MISS K. FAGEROS AND MISS A. GIBSON.



THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH TEAM: (L. TO R.) MISS J. A. SHILCOCK, MISS S. J. BLOOMER, MISS C. C. TRUMAN, MRS. W. C. J. HALFORD (NON-PLAYING CAPTAIN), MISS A. S. HAYDON AND MISS P. E. WARD.



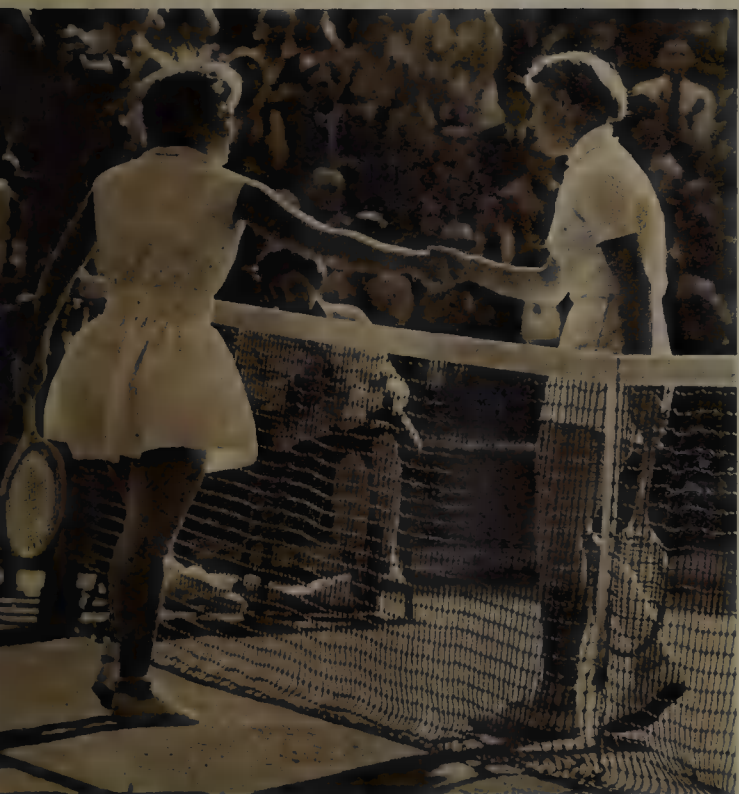
AFTER HER MEMORABLE VICTORY OVER THE REIGNING WIMBLEDON CHAMPION: MISS TRUMAN IS CONGRATULATED BY MISS GIBSON, WHOM SHE HAD DEFEATED 2-6, 6-3, 6-4.



HOLDING THE WIGHTMAN CUP WHICH SHE DID SO MUCH TO WIN: MISS CHRISTINE TRUMAN AT AN AFTER-THE-MATCH PARTY IN LONDON ON JUNE 14.



IN ACTION AGAINST MISS ALTHEA GIBSON: MISS CHRISTINE TRUMAN, WHO IS ONLY SEVENTEEN AND WAS EASILY BEATEN BY MISS GIBSON AT LAST YEAR'S WIMBLEDON.



AFTER ENSURING VICTORY FOR GREAT BRITAIN BY WINNING HER SINGLES MATCH: MISS HAYDON (RIGHT) SHAKING HANDS OVER THE NET WITH MISS ARNOLD, WHOM SHE HAD BEATEN 6-3, 5-7, 6-3.



DURING THEIR EASY DOUBLES WIN OVER MRS. KNODE AND MISS FAGEROS: MISS BLOOMER RUNS BACK AND WATCHES AS MISS TRUMAN JUMPS TO SMASH.



WALKING ON TO THE COURT AT WIMBLEDON FOR THE FIRST MATCH OF THE WIGHTMAN CUP ON JUNE 13: MISS GIBSON AND MISS BLOOMER. MISS GIBSON WON 6-3, 6-4.

The British team won the Wightman Cup at Wimbledon on June 14 by four matches to three, thus scoring this country's first victory against the United States since 1930. At the end of the first day Britain led 2-1; Miss Truman having beaten Mrs. Knode (6-4, 6-4), and Miss Bloomer and Miss Truman having won against Mrs. Knode and Miss Fageros, 6-2, 6-3. Miss Bloomer lost to Miss Gibson (3-6, 4-6). On the next day Mrs. Knode beat Miss Bloomer (6-4, 6-2) to even the score, but Christine Truman regained the

lead by her magnificent victory over Miss Gibson. Then Miss Haydon clinched Great Britain's win by beating Miss Arnold (6-3, 5-7, 6-3). In the final Doubles Match, which could have no effect on the result, Miss Gibson and Miss Hopps beat Miss Shilcock and Miss Ward (6-4, 3-6, 6-3). This was Britain's fifth win in the Wightman Cup, and it was a very close struggle, the final figures being—four matches to three, nine sets to eight, and 81 games to 78. Last year the United States won the cup by 5 matches to 1.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

HAMLET AND HEDDA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

JUST now, a visitor to Warwickshire who times his visit properly can meet two of the most famous personages in the Drama within an easy journey of each other: Hamlet at

curtains bunched to represent pillars. There was some useful acting on the far-off night in the west, though "production" hardly existed. New-comers to "Hamlet" will come from Stratford with an equally detailed picture of the play, and with some far better performances as bounty.

The production (sets by Motley, costumes after Dürer) is ordered without the slightest fuss. Most of the acting is able, from Googie Withers' indolent Queen and Mark Dignam's bristling fox of a King (one must listen to this actor) to—say—Paul Hardwick's slithy tove of a Rosencrantz. But I may think first of Ophelia (Dorothy Tutin), that lost child in Elsinore. Here the actress is much more audible than she has been in Verona and Illyria, and she goes quite compellingly mad on a stage turned suddenly to a staircase. (Often, in other productions, the stage appointments alone would explain Ophelia's madness; but this setting is simple enough.) Mr. Shaw's main innovation is a Sacristan instead of a Second Gravedigger. He is a haughty young man, not a little condescending to the Gravedigger,

This is certainly the time that all have in "Speaking of Murder" at the St. Martin's. Once there was an unlucky farce called "Good Gracious, Annabelle!", and I repeat its title as I think of Maxine Audley—here also called Annabelle—on her evil capers. We gather that the dear woman, beside whom Hedda is white, pure white, inside, has already killed one wife and is prepared to dispose of a second by stuffing her within a roomy, suffocating, and altogether hideous safe.

I can explain that Annabelle wants the husband, and seems to be prepared to go on dealing with his wives until he does the right thing. While she murders with one hand, she performs with the other prodigies of apparently selfless housekeeping. A cheerful creation, and obviously the scourge of Hampshire: Audrey and William Roos, the dramatists, must have had as much pleasure in creating her as Maxine Audley has in acting her. Miss Audley, who has been Tamora in her time, realises how a villainess should behave. To add to her troubles, she is being blackmailed, in a leisurely but resolute fashion, by Joyce Carey, whose scenes are among the pleasures of this lurid St. Martin's night.

It may be often a near-crazy play; but it does have a theatrical pounce. I see no point in being superior about a melodrama that is designed to offer a brisk evening in the form of what is called rather horribly—and here I must be superior—a "suspense thriller." If anyone had made mocking noises during the last twenty minutes, I would willingly have rammed him into the safe.



"IT MAY BE OFTEN A NEAR-CRAZY PLAY; BUT IT DOES HAVE A THEATRICAL POUNCE": "SPEAKING OF MURDER" (ST. MARTIN'S), SHOWING (L. TO R.) ANNABELLE LOGAN (MAXINE AUDLEY), MRS. WALWORTH (JOYCE CAREY) AND CONNIE BARNES ASITION (JAN HOLDEN) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY AUDREY AND WILLIAM ROOS.

the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Hedda Gabler at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre. Each would fray the other's nerves, though not for the same reason.

Still, I am not going to imagine that alarming synthesis, a mixture of Shakespeare and Ibsen. What these productions have in common is their extreme clarity. Glen Byam Shaw, the director, and Michael Redgrave have X-rayed "Hamlet," and Bernard Hepton and the actress, June Brown, have left us in no doubt about Hedda Tesman, who remains Hedda Gabler, the General's daughter.

Mr. Redgrave's Hamlet observes all observers. Like another Shakespearean, he looks quite through the deeds of men. As soon as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern appear before him, oiling their way in (as, I think, Wodehouse puts it in another context), Hamlet fixes them with a look that should have sent them scuttling to their holes. Throughout, he seems to be three moves ahead of anyone else. But if his thought is rapid, he takes his time to explain it. We have to assume that this Hamlet is dilatory because he has to analyse every line (not forgetting to rule a column for the conjunctions). Splendidly lucid though he is, he can also rob the play of some of its theatrical excitement.

An actor who has thought about the part with Mr. Redgrave's intensity—it is his second Hamlet within eight years—may feel that to write in this fashion of a complicated artistic achievement is superficial and flippant. But, as a playgoer, I can only state as directly as possible that, while the actor, in appearance and in intellect, is Hamlet indeed, he does seem rather to be Hamlet lecturing to us on his dilemma than a man immediately involved. Even so, I sometimes found myself touched more surely than in 1950, and certain passages—the Nunnery scene, for example, and "O, what a rogue and peasant slave," spoken with force—go at once into my composite, definitive Hamlet.

Everything during this Stratford night was set out in the clearest of terms, just in my first "Hamlet." I can remember yet most of the moves in that, from the moment that Bernardo and Francisco spoke their opening lines. The actors, I recall, were shadowy among what looked like crumpling drain-pipes, but were merely

and put out at being sent for a stoup of liquor. For the first time in memory we do not hear of Yaughan. I like the Sacristan, though I have a feeling that in the next revival we shall be back with the usual stooge. Sir Cedric Hardwicke once recalled a performance that he saw in a theatre at Stourbridge:

When the first gravedigger came to the lines, "Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor," he paused, and then added: "But stay! I am expecting a gal on a bier!" This raised a big laugh, but the second gravedigger got a bigger laugh and his revenge by making his exit, ostensibly to fetch the stoup of liquor, through the door of the church.

As for the Birmingham "Hedda Gabler," we have a well-shaped revival by Bernard Hepton at which one can only grumble for the sake of grumbling—and that is not criticism. He and the Hedda, June Brown, remind us again, as Peggy Ashcroft did, of the amount of mordant comedy that there is in the part; the *femme fatale* reading is now outmoded. Miss Brown can mock as blisteringly as any Hedda I have met. Where she fails at present is in the burning of the manuscript—the "bairn" as one translator put it agonisingly—a scene that for me belongs to Jean Forbes-Robertson. Elsewhere, a Hedda of sharp understanding, and always General Gabler's daughter. John Carlin's Tesman and Hilary Hardiman's Thea are particularly apt in a cast that, generally, knows its Ibsen, though the Brack is not firmly in the picture. The translation is, again, Max Faber's: agreeably supple, even if—as I noted in *The Illustrated London News* four years ago—Brack might not have hoped that a gay time would be had by all.



"MR. REDGRAVE'S HAMLET OBSERVES ALL OBSERVERS": (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) AND OPHELIA (DOROTHY TUTIN) IN THE NUNNERY SCENE FROM THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET" AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.

Nobody did, and Miss Audley acted with such vigour that one might have said of her, much as Polonius of the First Player, "Look, whether she has not turn'd her colour, and has tears in her eyes."

The end of an article is no place to express the sorrow of British theatregoers at the news of Robert Donat's death. Persistent ill-health ruined the career of an actor with all the graces. It is best now to remember the extraordinary tumult of cheering—some of the loudest and longest I have ever heard in a theatre—that greeted his Becket in "Murder in the Cathedral" at the Old Vic five years ago. It was, though none knew it, Donat's farewell to the living stage.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "HONOUR BRIGHT" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Patrick Barr, Peggy Cummins and Betty Marsden in an adaptation by Donald Ogden Stewart. (June 17.)
- "BALLETS 1958 DES ETOILES DE PARIS" (Sadler's Wells).—Directed by Milorad Miskovitch. (June 17.)
- "THE CHAIRS" and "THE LESSON" (Royal Court).—Ionesco's plays, with Joan Plowright. (June 18.)
- "ALL FOR LOVE" (Oxford).—THE O.U.D.S. presents Dryden's tragedy in the gardens of New College. (June 18.)
- "TEMPLETON" (Arts).—A play by Anthony Lock, with William Russell, Mary Kenton, and Heather Chasen. (June 19.)
- FRENCH BALLET (Sadler's Wells).—Second programme. (June 19.)

A DELIGHTFUL LONDON TREASURE HOUSE.



HUNG WITH A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF CASTS AND MODELS: THE MONK'S PARLOUR IN THE BASEMENT OF THE SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.



SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE MUSEUM AS IT HAS REMAINED TO THIS DAY: A SECTIONAL DRAWING OF 1810 FOR THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE DOME.

THE CROWDED SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.



WITH CHANTREY'S BUST OF SIR JOHN SOANE IN THE CENTRE: THE DOME, WHICH IS FILLED WITH A VARIETY OF ANTIQUITIES AND CASTS. IT IS THE OLDEST PART OF THE MUSEUM.



WITH LAWRENCE'S PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN SOANE HANGING ABOVE THE FIRE-PLACE: THE DINING ROOM, IN WHICH THE CEILING PANELS ARE BY HENRY HOWARD, R.A.



ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING ROOMS IN THE HOUSE: THE BREAKFAST ROOM, IN WHICH SOANE FELT THAT HE HAD CAPTURED SOMETHING OF "THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE."



ADDED TO THE MUSEUM IN 1824: THE PICTURE ROOM, WHERE HINGED PLANES ON THREE OF THE WALLS ENABLE THE PAINTINGS TO BE HUNG IN THREE LAYERS.

THE Sir John Soane's Museum, whose Curator, Mr. John Summerson, was designated a Knight Bachelor in the Birthday Honours List, is one of the most delightful and unusual small museums of London. It was formed by the architect, Sir John Soane, R.A. (1753-1837), who by a private Act of Parliament in 1833 established it and endowed it as a museum. Sir John lived at No. 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields from 1813 to his death in 1837. He had previously lived next door in No. 12, and Nos. 12, 13 and 14 were all built to his design. The arrangement of the Museum was also planned by Sir John and, determined to display all his varied collections, he filled every wall and corner—an arrangement which has been largely maintained to this day. Typical of this crowded character is the Picture Room, where the paintings are not only hung right up to the ceiling, but where on three walls they are hung in three layers. In this room are the two famous Hogarth series, "The Election" and "The Rake's Progress."



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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT seems just now as though all the best novels were foreign; they have been crowding in from all over. But then what could be more reasonable? It is the same with films; those that get past the frontier are likely to be outstanding. And "The Makioka Sisters," by Junichirō Tanizaki (Secker and Warburg; 21s.), has not only passed the frontier but crossed the globe. It is described as "the story of a Japanese merchant family on the eve of the war," and said to have been compared to "Buddenbrooks." It is very long, very deliberate, and bristling, at first glance, with repellent and confusable proper names. So much for the case against.

The four Makioka sisters come of a once wealthy family in Osaka—which, we gather, is Old Japan. In their father's time the business was going downhill; now it is wound up, and the proceeds are shrinking. There are no sons; but Tsuruko married a bank clerk and Sachiko an accountant, and both sons-in-law have taken the name. Then there are the two "floating" sisters. It is unintelligible—it is like a bad dream; for all their charm, Yukiko at thirty and Taeko or Koi-san ("small daughter") at twenty-five are still husbandless. With Yukiko family pride was the snare; ten years ago the sisters required a paragon, and turned down all "prospects"—always at the last moment. Then there was Taeko's indiscretion. Custom forbids her to marry before Yukiko; so she eloped—abortively—at nineteen, and "got into the newspapers." She is the brisk modern girl, Yukiko the frail, bashful, archaic type. They should be living in the "main house"—only they can't do with the bank clerk; Sachiko's husband is so much pleasanter. And it is Sachiko who has to deal with "prospects" for one, and discoveries about the other.

If you can call it dealing. Clearly, it was next to impossible to make any match on the Japanese system; it needed immense drive and resolution. But Sachiko is dilatory. She is shilly-shally. She has to refer everything to the "main house," which is equally dilatory. Meanwhile Yukiko won't open her mouth; yet if all goes well, she is almost certain to put her foot down. In fact, she must marry but doesn't want to. And Taeko should marry but can't, so she is going wrong: how wrong, Sachiko won't guess if she can help it. Sachiko is a born dodger, but very nice; the problem two are less nice, but their reality is amazing. And though the novel has not much form and would bear a lot of cutting, it is such a blend of fascination and snugness that I never found it too long. Or at all like "Buddenbrooks," for that matter.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Watsons," by John Coates (Methuen; 16s.), is a "completion" of Jane Austen's fragment. Some will think it blasphemy, says the author; but there is "a second category of admirers" who love her books and wish we had more. Yes—but I'm afraid they want them to be originals. There is no "substitute" for Jane Austen; and this venture is nothing like. It is not even a continuation, but makes hay of the fragment, for reasons given. To take one example: Mr. Coates found Emma (or Emily) a prig, and her future clergyman a dead bore; he has, therefore, translated one of the Nasty Sisters into a heroine, and married her to Lord Osborne, likewise (though less violently) translated. This involves a slur on the good, homely Elizabeth which one can't forgive; it was ungentlemanly of Mr. Coates. But it is the only point I reproach him with. No one can be blamed for inferiority to this model, and the good-natured thing is to forget all about her. Indeed there is not much to remind one but the "period" style—not even the characters, translated or otherwise. The story, taken without bias, is amusing in spots, but rambling and a little tedious: far inferior to his own.

"The Birth of a Grandfather," by May Sarton (Gollancz; 15s.), must also be called disappointing. Delicate, poetic novels are very well, but refined ones, no. And the Wyeths of Boston, with their inherited wealth, tradition, culture and summer island, where Sprig's father (typically called Gran-Quan) is in the habit of reading Wordsworth aloud, with intense emotion, and apparently with the same comments year after year—the Wyeths really can't pass. Here, Sprig and Frances are confronted by middle age. The old people are moribund, the youngsters launched. Sprig, though he adores his wife, has no use for her, and dreams of escaping to Japan. And then his closest friend dies of cancer: which somehow sublimates his revolt, and all's well. It reads like a refined potboiler.

"The Bachelors of Broken Hill," by Arthur Upfield (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), features a remote but prosperous little mining town. Two elderly bachelors—unlike in all other ways—are poisoned by cyanide in public, and in fairly rapid succession. Each time, there was a nameless, undescribed woman in the offing. Bony is lent to "finalise" this conundrum. There is no motive, and no known suspect; and all he can do on the spot is to predict a third murder, which soon takes place. Officially, he is helped by an "abo" tracker; unofficially, by a young lightning cartoonist and a burglar on vacation. All this, and indeed the whole community, is good value.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

TWO illustrations this week of the deadly effect of a double check. The first is in a game from the Farnham Chess Club's championship and was won by Mr. E. J. Loveridge; King's Gambit:

White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-K4	5. Kt-B3	P×P
2. P-KB4	P×P	6. Kt×P	B-KKt5
3. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	7. Q-K2	Kt×P?
4. P-Q4	P-Q4	8. Kt-B6 mate	

Black.



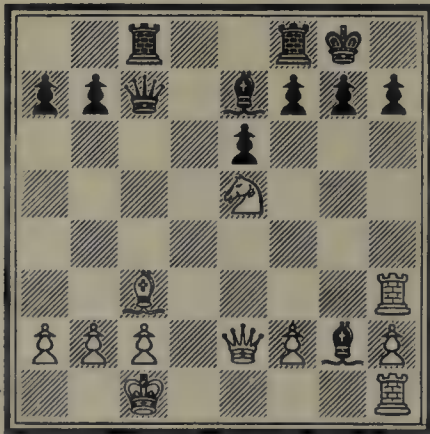
White.

Black could easily cope with either the queen's check or the knight's—but not with both!

The second is from a recent match Berlin v. Hamburg; Sicilian Defence:

White	Black	White	Black
MARTIUS	DARGA	MARTIUS	DARGA
1. P-K4	P-QB4	10. P-K5	P×P
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	11. Q×KP	Q-Kt1
3. P-Q4	P×P	12. Q-K2	Castles
4. Q×P	Kt-QB3	13. Kt-K5	Q-B2
5. B-QKt5	B-Q2	14. R-Q3	Kt-Q4
6. B×Kt	B×B	15. B-Q2	QR-B1
7. Kt-B3	P-K3	16. R-R3!	Kt×Kt
8. B-Kt5	Kt-B3	17. B×Kt	B×P?
9. Castles(Q)	B-K2		

Black.



White.

18. R-Kt3 B×R 19. R×Pch! Resigns

For on 19... K×R would come 20. Q-Kt4ch and mate in two moves at most, the key variation being 20... K-R1; 21. Kt×P—that fearful double check again!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM HIGH SOCIETY TO THE WEST COUNTRY.

PERHAPS the most important chapter in Madeleine Masson's "Edwina" (Robert Hale; 21s.), a biography of the Countess Mountbatten of Burma, is the last, entitled "A Candid Camera Shot." Miss Masson writes, truly enough: "Edwina Mountbatten is a mystery to many of her contemporaries," and—equally truly: "Those who care for her are fanatical in their devotion." But although the candid camera has provided delightful studies such as that of Lady Mountbatten collecting and losing pencils, kicking off her high-heeled shoes after a ceremony, and being gracious when she and Lady Eden turned up at a Commonwealth Reception each wearing an identical model gown, there seems to be something missing. We know that Lady Mountbatten

loves all animals, and is interested, but not inordinately, in food and clothes. We have a charming glimpse of one of her little notes, written to remind herself of this or that: "Kill cockerel, empty dustbins, write Queen." Then, it seems to me, the hiatus begins. Miss Masson describes her subject as "a profoundly cultured human being." No doubt that is so, but the fact is not really established by the bald announcement that she "reads widely: anything from Shaw to T. S. Eliot," or that her favourite composers are Bach, Scarlatti, Purcell, Schumann, Schubert, and Elgar. Of herself, Lady Mountbatten has said: "We are all politicians at heart. All thinking people are. Only I have no aspirations or ambitions. Simply a desire to serve. I am concerned with politics only insofar as they further the cause of the people by raising the standards of health, education, housing, and social welfare in general." That is about all Miss Masson has to say about politics, but in a study of this kind it is insufficient. She must be aware of the rumours which have attributed strong left-wing views to Earl Mountbatten and to his Countess, and it should have been the task of any serious biographer to confirm, deny, or to qualify them. Probably the truth, so far as Lady Mountbatten is concerned, lies in her own admission that she would have liked to have been Florence Nightingale. She also said: "I think that perhaps Gandhi had the greatest influence on me." This is a fascinating clue, and it is far too lightly touched on in this book.

But with these omissions and failures of emphasis, the portrait is a good one. Miss Masson is a colourful writer, and in Lady Mountbatten she has a subject whose personality is enhanced rather than killed by colour. All her early story, as the grand-daughter of the incredibly wealthy Sir Ernest Cassel, is told in some detail. There is a significant reference to "They"—"the invisible and omnipotent critics who would shadow all her life." But we do not hear very much more about "them." The chapters entitled "Jeunesse Dorée" and "The Green-Hat Era" (well-chosen and expressive labels) seem also to gloss over the glamorous period of Lady Louis's life. It is a long step from here to the Florence Nightingale period, so curiously, yet so typically combined with the splendence of Vice-royalty, and the transition is not fully explained. In a word, this is a biography which accurately depicts the kaleidoscopic quality of its subject, without explaining or revealing much of the mystery.

From Countess Mountbatten to "Debrett" (Odhams Press; 10 gns.; de luxe edition 12 gns.) is no very far cry. Although it may seem an invidious task to write an annual review of this guide to the blue-blooded, that task is made considerably easier by the delightful preface contributed each year by the editor, Mr. Hankinson. The dry, proprietary manner in which Mr. Hankinson discusses his sheep—if the assembled Peers, Baronets, Knights and Companions may be so described—has given way this year to the laments of a Bo-Peep. He complains that "Debrett families have a much more strongly developed nomadic strain than humbler folk." This is not surprising, because they are being chased out of their stately homes into suburbia as fast as successive rapacious Governments can chase them. He is disappointed, too, that while the new Act makes provision for life peeresses to sit in the House of Lords, hereditary peeresses are still kept out.

Mr. Henry Williamson's "A Clear Water Stream" (Faber and Faber; 15s.) is by no means the least attractive of the books written by the author of "Tarka the Otter" and "Salar the Salmon." This is a true story of Mr. Williamson's own experiences as the tenant of a West Country cottage with fishing rights. He not only fished for trout, but bred them, and interfered, sometimes disastrously, with what I believe I must call the "ecology"—Mr. Williamson avoids the horrid word—of the stream. As usual, the animals in his pages take on definite personalities, and although I became fond of the old trout called the Clown, especially after his rescue from an eel-trap, I also came to have a sneaking regard for Old Nog, the wicked heron. A delicately written and deeply satisfying book.

"Dartmoor," another of The Regional Books (Robert Hale; 18s.), by E. W. Martin, is an informative work, as one would expect, and the author has a power of description which fully accords with the wild but lovely countryside about which he writes.

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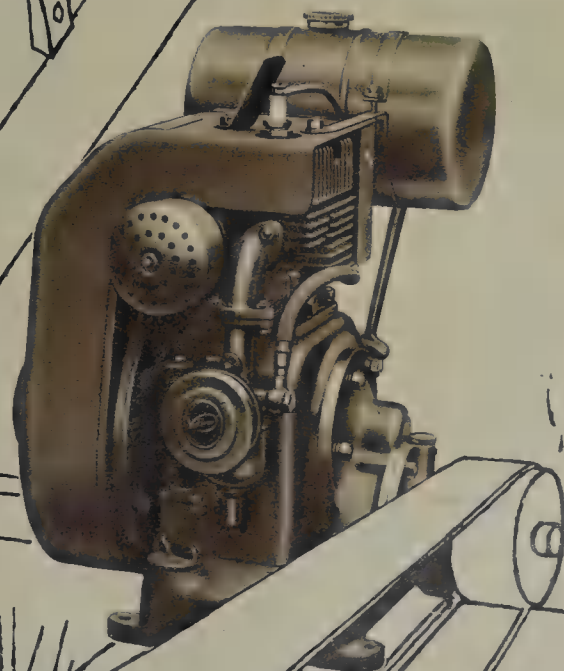
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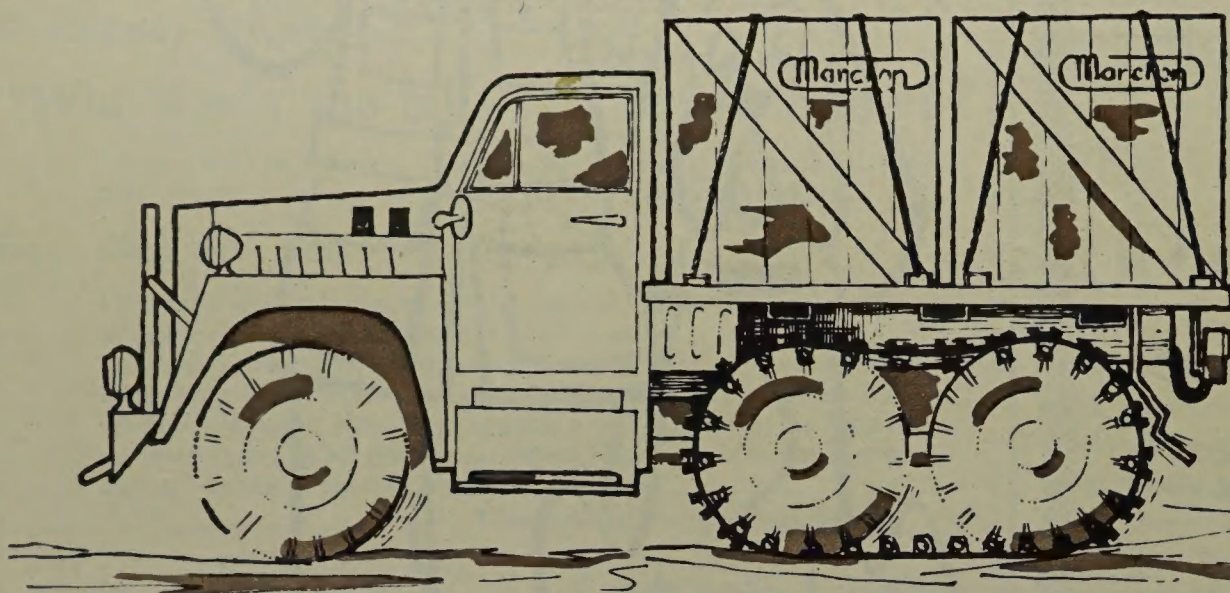
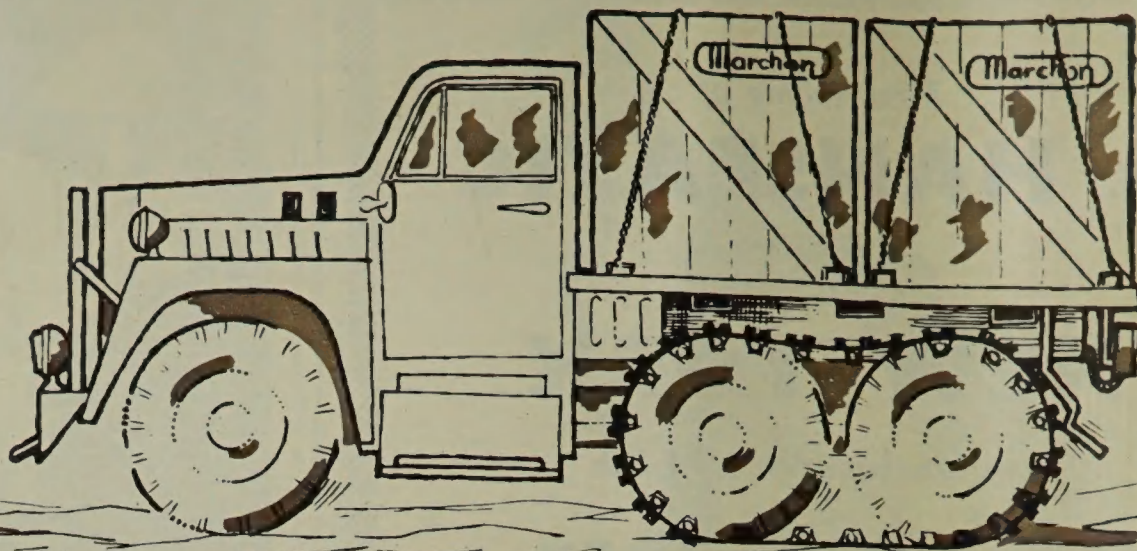


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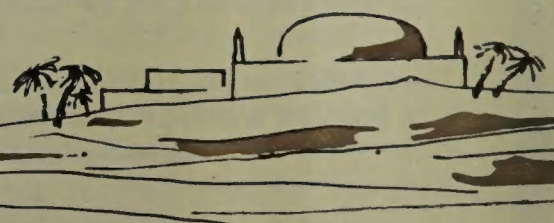


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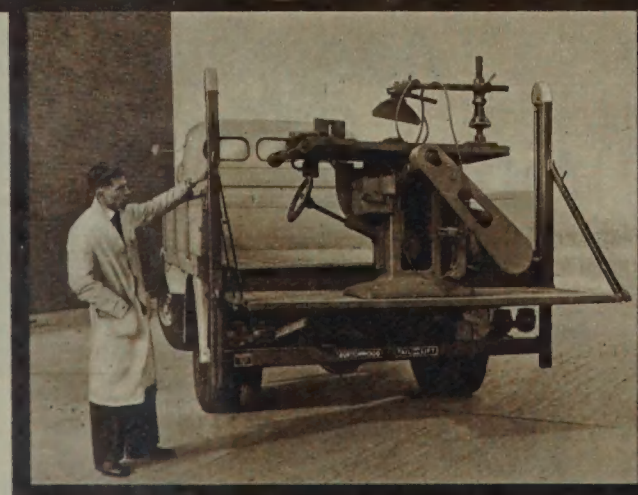
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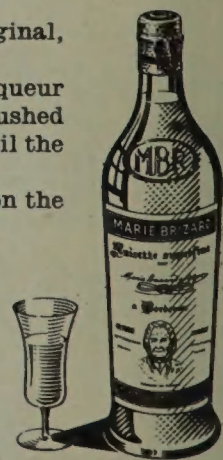
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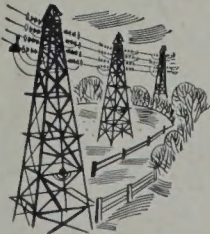


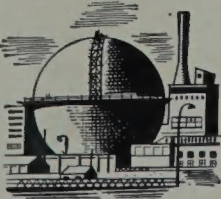

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